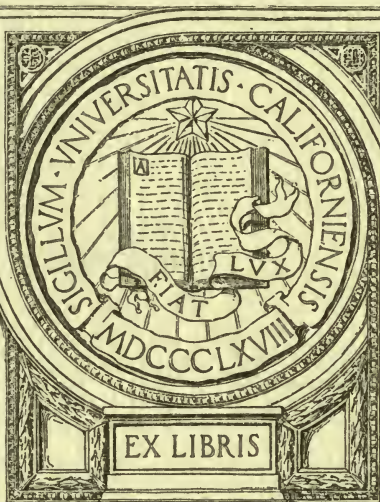


DAVID MORTON
A BIOGRAPHY

BY BISHOP E. E. HOSS

GIFT OF

Mrs. H. W. Mordon.

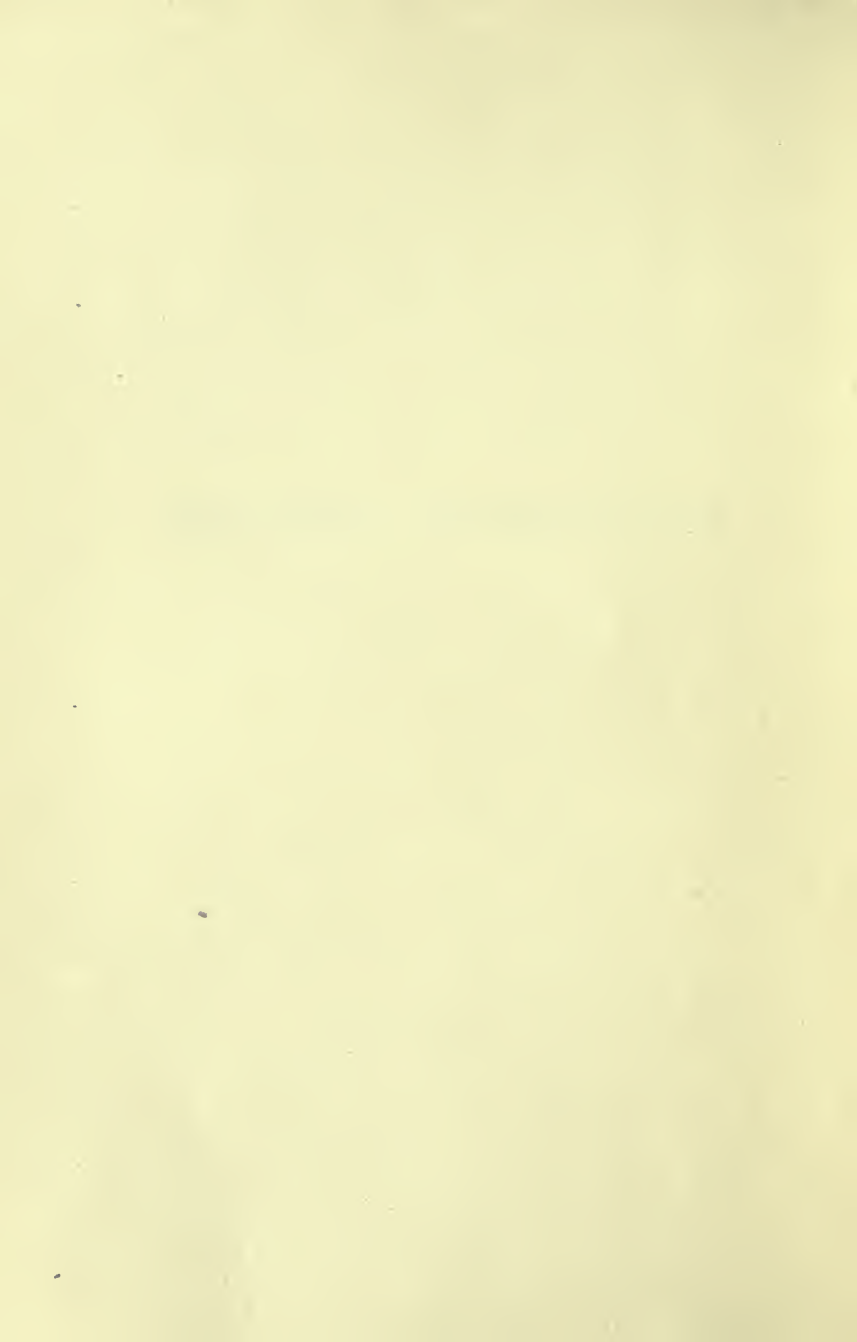


EX LIBRIS



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

DAVID MORTON: A BIOGRAPHY







David Morton

DAVID MORTON

A BIOGRAPHY

By

BISHOP ELIJAH EMBREE HOSS

OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL
CHURCH, SOUTH



NASHVILLE, TENN.

PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH
SMITH & LAMAR, AGENTS

1916

F456
M6H6

gift of Mrs. H. W. Morton.

COPYRIGHT, 1916

BY

HANNAH W. MORTON

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

TO THE
LIBRARY OF

THIS BOOK IS PUBLISHED BY
THE FAMILY OF DAVID MORTON
AND THE EDITION PRESENTED
TO THE BOARD OF CHURCH EX-
TENSION OF THE METHODIST
EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH

329931

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
CHAPTER I.	
HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT.....	I
CHAPTER II.	
FEELING AFTER GOD AND FINDING HIM.....	21
CHAPTER III.	
CALLED TO PREACH AND ANSWERING THE CALL.....	29
CHAPTER IV.	
THE ITINERANT PREACHER.....	36
CHAPTER V.	
TAKING A TURN WITH THE SCHOOLS.....	78
CHAPTER VI.	
IN THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.....	91
CHAPTER VII.	
PRESIDING ELDER—EAST AND WEST.....	116
CHAPTER VIII.	
CHURCH EXTENSION SECRETARY.....	143
CHAPTER IX.	
CLOSING HIS CAREER.....	193



ILLUSTRATIONS.

	FACE PAGE
DAVID MORTON (<i>Frontispiece</i>).....	Title
MARMADUKE BECKWITH MORTON AS A YOUNG MAN.....	6
MARMADUKE BECKWITH MORTON, 1796-1887.....	12
MRS. MARMADUKE BECKWITH MORTON.....	18
OLD COURTHOUSE, RUSSELLVILLE, KENTUCKY.....	26
DAVID MORTON AND HIS BROTHERS IN BOYHOOD.....	32
THE KNOB, NEAR RUSSELLVILLE, KENTUCKY.....	40
THOMAS BOTTOMLEY.....	48
MRS. THOMAS BOTTOMLEY.....	54
IN THE DAYS OF THEIR YOUTH—David Morton and Hannah Bottomley	62
DAVID MORTON'S CREDENTIALS AS A MINISTER.....	68
THE FIRST FAMILY GROUP.....	74
RUSSELLVILLE FEMALE ACADEMY.....	82
LOGAN COLLEGE, RUSSELLVILLE, KENTUCKY, ABOUT 1874.....	88
LOGAN COLLEGE, RUSSELLVILLE, KENTUCKY, IN 1915.....	96
VANDERBILT TRAINING SCHOOL, ELKTON, KENTUCKY.....	104
EMINENT METHODISTS.....	110
OLD WHITEHALL, MONTANA.....	118
PIONEER MONTANA SOUTHERN METHODISTS.....	130
FIRST ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.....	136
THE FIRST OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF CHURCH EXTENSION.....	144
WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.....	150

DAVID MORTON

	FACE PAGE
THE FIRST CHURCH AIDED BY THE BOARD OF CHURCH EXTENSION	158
BISHOPS McTYEIRE AND KAVANAUGH.....	164
THE FIRST HOME OWNED BY THE BOARD OF CHURCH EXTENSION	172
THE NEW HOME OF THE BOARD OF CHURCH EXTENSION.....	178
THREE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN METHODIST CHURCHES.....	186
DAVID MORTON'S DESK.....	196
E'EN DOWN TO OLD AGE—David Morton and Mrs. David Morton	202
MORTON MEMORIAL CHURCH, MONTEAGLE, TENNESSEE.....	210
THE ANCESTRY OF DAVID MORTON.....	214

CHAPTER I.

HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT.

THE Church of Christ has no richer inheritance than the memory of her great and good men. She could better afford to demolish her proudest cathedrals and to give up all her material possessions than to obliterate or to forget the record of her seers and saints. Out of pure gratitude, if for no other reason, she ought to preserve their names and to magnify the work that they have wrought in the earth; and by all considerations of practical wisdom she is bound to do the same thing. For from the recurring contemplation of their deeds she gathers fresh inspiration for the achievement of her own tasks, and by passing on the quickening story of their heroisms to future generations she furnishes the most effective means for perpetuating and maintaining, alive and vigorous, the great pieties of the world.

It is with these thoughts in my mind that I have consented, in the midst of many and exacting duties, to prepare a brief biography of my dear and honored friend, David Morton, who now for more than sixteen years has been at home with God. What I shall say about him will come straight from my

DAVID MORTON

heart. In the ears of those who had no intimate acquaintance with him my words may sound somewhat too eulogistic, but it is my honest intention to set down nothing save the simple and unvarnished truth. That, I am sure, is just what he would wish me to do. In the course of a long life I have met no man more sincere and unostentatious than this great-hearted Methodist itinerant and none less likely to be pleased with the poor tribute of flattering speech. If he could speak out of the blessed abode into which he has gone, he would bid me keep strictly to the facts and paint him precisely as he was. Moreover, the bare truth about him is good enough. Of undue praise, there is no slightest need.

David Morton began his life under the most favorable conditions. He was born June 4, 1833, in the fine old town of Russellville, Logan County, Kentucky, and bore the authentic stamp of the community upon his character to the end of his days. The country round about is fertile and beautiful, a fit seat for a great civilization. The original settlers were nearly all Virginians of an excellent type, not rude and uncultured frontiersmen, but intelligent, industrious, honest, patriotic, and religious citizens. For the sake of the better opportunities which it offered to themselves and their children they had moved into what was then counted the far West; but they had brought with them the traditions

DAVID MORTON

and ideals of their old homes and had never let them slip. While more or less affected in superficial ways by their new surroundings, they yet remained untouched in all their essential characteristics. It would not be amiss to speak of them as "Virginians of the Wilderness." Among them were the Broadnaxes, the Butlers, the Hises, the Lewises, the Stewarts, the Bibbs, the Mooreheads, the Caldwells, the Bowlings, the Walkers, the Blakeys, the Barclays, the Breathitts, the Edwardses, the Crittendens, and many others of like standing. From these families in succeeding generations have come many men distinguished in every walk of life—governors, senators, judges, soldiers, doctors, and divines. It is said, in fact, that Russellville has produced more men of marked individuality than any other town in the State.

In this fair land of high-minded and honorable people David Morton's family stood among the best, being so entirely respectable that it was never at any time necessary for them to consider the question of their social position, nor to put on pretentious airs of any sort. His father, Marmaduke Beckwith Morton, was born in Louisa County, Virginia, September 13, 1796, and had a most honorable ancestry running back on both sides of the house to the early days of the colony. He was the son of William Jordan Morton, the grandson of Joseph Morton, and the great-grand-

son of Captain John Morton, Jr., of Richmond County, who in turn was the son of John Morton. His Christian name came to him from a maternal forefather, Sir Marmaduke Beckwith, a Yorkshire baronet, who crossed the sea in the latter part of the seventeenth century and speedily became a leading citizen and officeholder in Richmond County. Among Marmaduke Morton's connections and those that he made by marriage were the Astons, the Beckwiths, the Cockes, the Caldwells, the Cooks, the Davises, the Dinwiddies, the Du Boises, the Eltons, the Hawkinses, the Hites, the Lanes, the Meanses, the Mountjoys, the Perrins, the Pryors, the Thorntons, the Van Meters, and the Woodses. The number of his descent cousins, near and remote, must have run into the thousands, for it was a prolific folk that took possession of the first English settlement in America. While Marmaduke Morton was anything but boastful, he was fully aware of the range and quality of his kinships and probably derived a good deal of quiet satisfaction from it. As a usual thing, the only people who profess utter indifference to matters of heredity are those who are able to get no great comfort from the backward look.

In 1815, just after the close of our second war with Great Britain, Marmaduke Morton, being then nineteen years of age, emigrated with his father's family to Logan County, Kentucky, and in that home of his

adoption he lived for the next seventy-two years. From the first he fitted himself into its peculiar conditions and had never any desire to leave it. When he died, in 1887, Dr. Gross Alexander, speaking at his funeral, exclaimed: "Ninety-one years old and dead without a stain on him!" And there was nobody who thought that the statement was an exaggeration. From his first manhood he was an active citizen, taking a lively interest in everything that pertained to the public welfare and gradually building up for himself an unassailable reputation for capacity, probity, and kindness. By instinct and preference he was a farmer. In the run of time he became also a justice of the peace, clerk of the county and circuit courts, and cashier of the Southern Bank of Kentucky, all of which places he filled with strict integrity and with perfect satisfaction to his fellow citizens. Because of his large common sense and his known straightforwardness, he was increasingly consulted by his friends and neighbors in regard to their business concerns and was intrusted with the settlement of many estates. His own affairs he managed with judicious wisdom and succeeded in amassing for himself what was then regarded as a comfortable fortune. But he never made a dollar by the use of questionable methods. All the property that he gained was the reward of patient industry and hon-

DAVID MORTON

est accumulation. He would have scorned to handle an unclean penny.

His comfortable home, The Knob, was the center of a generous and unstinted hospitality. Thither the poorest of his neighbors, sure of a cordial welcome, came at their own pleasure; and many famous men of Church and State, who felt themselves honored by the privilege, were accustomed to turn in for days or weeks. Senator John J. Crittenden, next to Henry Clay, Kentucky's ablest statesman of the day, was a not infrequent visitor; and Bishop Hubbard H. Kavanaugh, the match of Henry B. Bascom as an orator, felt entirely at home. From such companionships Mr. Morton drew much delight, and his children learned many lessons of value that are not written in any book.

For more than half a century he was one of the pillars of Methodism in Southern Kentucky, not only sustaining it with his money, but, what is better still, also reënforcing it with the powerful example of his stainless conduct. In the public congregation he was a conspicuous figure, never absent save when providentially kept away, and always helping the preacher by the devoutness of his manner. Endowed with a good voice and a fine musical taste, he often led the singing. The Methodist hymn book he knew from beginning to end. It was said of him that he was sure to select always an appropriate hymn. His own home he consecrated by



Marmaduke Beckwith Morton as a Young Man
 Taken from a pen and ink sketch, made about the year 1820.

DAVID MORTON

prayer. He was never too busy to attend to domestic devotions. Morning and evening he gathered together both his children and his servants, read with devout deliberation a Scripture lesson, sang one of the serious and stately Methodist hymns, and lifted up his voice in petition and supplication before God. Alas that the custom of those earlier days is now so rarely observed even among Christian people!

He was twice married and each time to a woman worthy of such a man. His first wife was Nancy Caldwell, daughter of Andrew and Frances Morton Caldwell. She also had a Morton strain in her blood, though the exact measure of her relation to her husband was not known until both had been dead many years. At the time of their marriage, September 26, 1827, she was eighteen and he thirty-one years of age. Her own family was widely spread and of great prominence throughout the South and West, John Caldwell Calhoun, of South Carolina, and many other distinguished names being connected with it. After having borne three sons, Daniel, William, and David, the youngest of whom was David, she died June 19, 1834, but not before witnessing the baptism of her babe by the hands of Rev. John Littlejohn, an English local preacher who had known John Wesley. As a matter of course, the little boy had no recollection of her; but even after he became an old man he used to talk of her

DAVID MORTON

with a strange tenderness. It was one of his cherished hopes that he might see her and know her in Heaven. One who knew him well says: "It was pathetic to hear David Morton speak of his mother. His voice would soften as he mentioned her name, and he prized to the day of his death a bit of fancywork that she had done in her girlhood."

The second wife of Marmaduke Morton was Elizabeth Morton Caldwell, a sister of the first. If, as seems proper, God has a special reward for good step-mothers, she certainly deserved to get it. The testimony is complete that she filled the measure of her delicate and difficult situation to perfection. To her sister's orphaned sons she became a mother indeed, dealing with them not only in justice, but also in love. Between them and her own daughter, afterwards Mrs. Nannie Bowden, the only one of her four children that lived, she made no difference. They all looked up to her with profound regard and never failed to bear witness to her many virtues. One who was entirely competent to speak said of her: "Marked executive ability was one of her characteristics, and she managed her large establishment with order and precision." Like her husband, she was a God-fearing Methodist of the old school. I once heard Dr. Morton say in a public speech: "I have had three mothers: my own, whom I never saw, or at least cannot remember to

have seen; my stepmother, who was a benediction to me as long as she lived, and of whom my recollection has been ever most holy since she went away; and my black mammy, Aunt Eve, who nursed me as a baby and both caressed and scolded me as a little child." In honor of this faithful colored servant and as a tribute of his unchanging gratitude to her he arranged before his death to put a memorial window in Haygood Hall, Paine Institute, Augusta, Georgia, and his plans were carried out in detail by his surviving sons.

This leads me to say that the slaves of Marmaduke Morton, of whom there were not a few, were treated with the extremest kindness and that they greatly revered their master. After the Civil War had relieved him of all legal responsibility for their welfare, he still helped to maintain them till his death. The "peculiar institution" is gone, whereat all good men rejoice. There was much about it that was evil, but much also that was good. Thousands of Christian masters accepted their slaves as they did their own children, as a providential responsibility, and diligently sought to discharge it before God. Among the number of these was surely Marmaduke Morton.

The atmosphere of such a home as I have described was altogether wholesome, and the four children who grew up in it absorbed it into their blood. Healthily fed and clad, living much in the open air, early taught

the dignity of honest work, and soundly instructed in their duties toward God and men, they made one of those sturdy households out of which a true and lasting civilization is builded. That such households may never fail in our dear native land is a prayer which all good Christians should devoutly offer.

A deep and strong family affection was one of the marked characteristics of these Mortons. For their parents they entertained a veneration that literally knew no limits. "Honor thy father and thy mother" was a commandment which they scrupulously obeyed. When David Morton was himself an old man, he was accustomed to say with the deepest feeling that he would rather be like his own father than any other man he had ever known.

After the death of his father he caused to be removed to Louisville the furniture from his bedchamber, which he placed in a memorial room in his home. The old corded bed upon which he was born, with its acorn-crowned post; the lounge upon which he slept as a boy and upon which for more than sixty years his father took his naps; the old-fashioned dresser upon which sat the little oval glass with its single drawer; the washstand with the hole in the top for the pan and shelf below for the brass-bound cedar bucket; the old eight-day clock, pictures of the Declaration of Independence and Faneuil Hall, and the split-bottom,

hand-made chairs were all very dear to him. To this room he would go when heavily burdened with care or fatigued in body to indulge in a fragrant retrospection, to live the old days over, and to forget for a while the crushing weight of a great undertaking. He was brimful and running over with sentiment and affection, and it carried him safely over many a rough place.

Nor did the members of the family lack in strong regard for one another. While they were children they hung closely together, and after they came to maturity they did not allow the cares of the world to separate them from one another. To their half-sister the three sons were always "big brothers," and among themselves they were full partners and hearty comrades. Upon the death of his brother William, Daniel being already dead, David wrote:

I was the youngest of three brothers, and the recollection of the solicitude of these older brothers for my welfare all through their lives is deeply affecting to me now that they are both gone. In our childhood rambles through the woods and over the fields, when the path became rough or thorny, I was lifted along by them till the briers were passed; and if worn down by the length of the trip till I could go no farther, I was carried on a pack-saddle formed by their hands or on their shoulders till the end of the journey was reached. Many a time when their tasks were done and mine were yet unfinished my work was soon completed by all uniting for its accom-

plishment. Further along, when confronted by the duties and obligations of actual life, I found them ever ready to render needed aid. When I was about ready to enter for life the itinerant ministry—an act involving virtual consent to a life of perpetual poverty—a solemn covenant was entered into by them that I should never want, if in their power to afford it, for means to prosecute my mission, and I was told to draw on them at sight without grace for any amount my vicissitudes might require. Time and again, when pecuniary troubles have threatened to stop my labors, has the needed remittance from them kept me in the field, or has paper bearing my own name, which had no commercial value, but underwritten or indorsed by theirs, which made it worth all it represented, passed over the counters of banks and supplied the means without which I must have succumbed to the pressure.

Outside of his immediate family young David Morton had a good many other companionships that added something to his daily pleasures. To his father's slaves, old and young, he was much devoted, as they were to him. After he became old enough to do a day's labor, he often worked side by side with them in the fields. He thus acquired an intimate knowledge of African character and imbibed, no doubt, some part of that inimitable humor which made him so charming in social circles. In his friendships there was great staying power. Whoever once got into his heart was likely to find a permanent lodgment there. Certainly the colored boys who labored and laughed and hunted and fished with him over his father's farm



Marmaduke Beckwith Morton
1796-1887

Marmaduke Beckwith Morton, the father of David Morton, had a most honorable ancestry running back on both sides of the house to the early days of the Colony of Virginia. In 1815, just after the close of our second war with Great Britain, he emigrated with his father's family to Logan County, Kentucky, and in the home of his adoption he lived for the next seventy-two years. By instinct and preference he was a farmer. In the run of time he became also a Justice of the Peace, Clerk of the County and Circuit Courts and Cashier of the Southern Bank of Kentucky, all of which places he filled with strict integrity and with perfect satisfaction to his fellow citizens. For more than half a century he was one of the pillars of Methodism in Southern Kentucky. When he died Doctor Gross Alexander, speaking at his funeral, exclaimed, "Ninety-one years old and dead without a stain on him."

[illegible]

never got away from the grasp of his good will. He held on to them very steadily through all changes of time and circumstance.

Once, when I was editor of the *Christian Advocate*, he passed through Nashville on his way to some of the Conferences and stopped in at my office. After we had talked awhile of other things, he put his hand into his pocket and said: "I've got something to show you. Yesterday I was back at Russellville, and while there I hunted up two of my old chums and had a group picture taken. Here it is." When he handed it to me, I discovered that he was standing in it between two gray-headed negro men and looking as happy as a big boy at a frolic. Indeed, he was something of a boy always. If that picture is anywhere in existence—"a ham sandwich," he called it—I hope that it will be inserted somewhere in these pages, as it reveals a certain side of his character better than a dissertation.

He was sent to school quite early and there came into contact with many youngsters of his own age from whom he doubtless received much good and some evil, though it is wonderful how surely a boy brought up in a Christian home will shed off the evil influences that he meets when he first goes out into the open world. I have always been sorry for the men who were educated wholly or largely by private tutors. They miss some of the healthiest and most normal stimulants of which

the human mind is capable, stimulants that come from close association and sometimes from rather rude conflicts with others of their own age and station. It is a wonderful instinct by which boys sort themselves into groups. They do not understand it themselves. Neither does anybody else.

It does not surprise us who knew David Morton as a man to learn that he early followed this "ganging" impulse and identified himself pretty thoroughly with some of his fellows. One of his own sons writes me that, "while he had many friends, he belonged to a special quartet, the other three members of which were Exstein Norton, Philander Barclay, and William Warder, the tales of whose mischievous pranks have been handed down to their children." If he had not taken to "mischievous pranks" as a boy, it would have been a marvel. He was still capable of them after his head had been frosted with the passing of many winters. The fun-loving disposition was in his blood and fiber. But there was never any meanness nor malice connected with it. From all that he was utterly free.

It was very fit that, when Mr. Norton had died and his remains were brought back to Russellville for burial, Dr. Morton should be the chief speaker. Among other things, he said on that occasion:

I trust I shall be pardoned for making some reference to my personal relations to the deceased. From our

early boyhood till we were about eighteen years of age Mr. Norton and I were closely associated. We played and traded and studied together and confided to each other our secrets and talked over our plans for our life work. He was the first human being to whom I admitted that I believed myself called of God to the work of the ministry. He encouraged me to go forward, as did Philander Barclay and William Warder, the other members of our quartet. To this trio I was more indebted at this point than they themselves were aware.

In the same village cemetery where Mr. Norton was laid away Dr. Morton himself a few years later found a quiet resting place; and so the old friends sleep side by side till Jesus comes. It is beautiful when a boyhood friendship survives the passage of years and maintains itself down to old age.

As far as I know, it is nowhere set out in any record that young Morton's temper now and then got the better of him and brought him into collision with any of his schoolmates. But I gravely suspect that, though he was ordinarily sweet and sunny, he did, under severe provocation, occasionally show a spirit of vigorous resentment. He had temper, plenty of it; and he never entirely lost it. I have known him once or twice to flame with just indignation. At such times, as they say in East Tennessee, he was "not strictly a safe citizen to 'projick' with." But how soon the storm in his soul was overpast! He did not brood over an injury nor cherish a feeling of revenge.

Dr. Morton received practically the whole of his education at Russellville Academy, an excellent classical school, of which Bethel College is the present-day successor. That he got a good substantial grounding, quite enough to put him in the way of further prosecuting his studies on his own account, is altogether certain. He was especially well drilled in mathematics and received a fine start in Latin. He also learned the rudiments of Greek. Not much science was taught in those days, but what little there was he rather greedily devoured and contracted a love for scientific matters that stayed with him ever afterwards. In later life he became a man of amazingly wide intelligence and knew more or less—usually more rather than less—of all the great things that were going on in the world. In my judgment, however, he always studied men and things more than books and was more interested in the actual movements of human life than in the mere technical details of scholarship. In power of observation he was unexcelled. Nothing seemed to escape him. What he once got he kept. His memory was capacious and accurate. For his old teachers, John P. French, “a Virginia cavalier,” and William Wines, “a Vermont Yankee,” he cherished a profound and permanent respect and affection. They were good scholars and good men and sought not only to train the minds of their students, but also to develop their char-

acters. Those old-fashioned teachers, who did not shirk the drudgery of actual instruction and who knew that their chief business, after all, was the making of men, were worthy of all honor. When Mr. Wines was an old man, he made a protracted visit in David Morton's home, and it is within the recollection of the children of the family that the intercourse between the two men was exceedingly courteous and beautiful.

In the intervals between school terms David Morton occupied himself with any useful employment that came in sight, being prompted thereto, no doubt, by his wise father, who knew that idleness brings only evil in its train, especially to a growing boy. For a while he had a place in a retail store. He was also at one time an assistant in the office of the county clerk. At the age of seventeen, strangely enough, he was made a deputy sheriff. These positions brought him, first and last, into contact with nearly the entire population of the county and laid the foundation for his marvelous acquaintance with the families of that part of the State. They also taught him how to mix with all sorts of people in an easy and natural way, an art in which he became later a past master. Especially in the office of his father, who was a kind of hereditary clerk of the courts, did he get a splendid training. As soon as he was able to write well enough he was put to the copying desk and so acquired a practical famil-

ilarity with business forms that served him most effectively in the many enterprises of one sort or another that he was afterwards instrumental in organizing. He joined very early the juvenile branch of the Sons of Temperance and, in company with some of his school-mates, founded a similar order among the colored people of the town, possibly the first and only temperance society that ever existed among the slaves of this country. This juvenile branch was known as Russellville Fountain, No. 15, Younger Brothers of Temperance, and with it David Morton was actively connected from 1847 to 1853, from the time he was fourteen until he was twenty years of age. Thus early did he associate himself with a moral movement. At his death the record books and the printed ritual of the lodge were found neatly tied together and carefully put away with his valuable papers. These books show that thus early in life he was accurate and neat in making records. The roll contains the names of seventy-one boys from the leading families of the town and county. Many of them remained his lifelong friends, and some of them became distinguished men in after life. The work as set out in the printed ritual, with its passwords and secret signs, appealed to the imagination of these boys. It is interesting reading to old folks to-day.

In all these ways, though quite unknown to himself,



Mrs. Marmaduke Beckwith Morton
 Born Elizabeth Smith Morton Caldwell
 1811-1880

The second wife of Marmaduke B. Morton was a sister of the first and the step-mother of David Morton. If, as seems proper, God has a special reward for good step-mothers she certainly deserved to get it. The testimony is complete that she filled the measure of her delicate and difficult situation to perfection. To her sister's orphaned sons she became a mother indeed, dealing with them not only in justice but also in love. Between them and her own daughter, afterwards Mrs. Nannie Bowden, the only one of her four children that lived, she made no difference. They all looked up to her with profound regard and never failed to bear witness to her many virtues. I once heard Doctor Morton say in a public speech, "I have had three mothers: my own whom I never saw, or at least cannot remember to have seen, my step-mother, who was a benediction to me as long as she lived, and of whom my recollection has been ever most holy since she went away, and my black mammy, Aunt Eve, who nursed me as a baby and both caressed and scolded me as a child."

he was acquiring and storing up that extraordinary capacity for public service which so distinguished him in the maturity and prime of his manhood. That God was leading him, we cannot doubt—unless, indeed, we are prepared to go the full length of skepticism and doubt whether God has anything at all to do with the affairs of men. In those days every man of intelligence in Kentucky was more or less of a politician and a partisan; and David Morton, boy and man, was no exception to the general rule. His father and the great majority of his intimate friends were old-line Whigs. Very naturally he imbibed their views and never quite got rid of them. In later life, owing to changed conditions, he affiliated more or less closely with the Democratic party; but at the bottom of his heart he was always a follower and almost a worshiper of the principles and policies of Henry Clay. From the earliest days the public discussion of political issues was a very common thing in Kentucky. It bred generations of able public speakers and contributed not a little to the public enlightenment. Without positively knowing it to be true, I am yet pretty sure that David Morton in his youth never missed a chance to hear a popular orator and that he always cheered when a Whig made a telling point. There was nothing tepid in his convictions. What he believed at all he believed thoroughly. And was there anything wrong in this?

The man who has no fixed convictions, but only a loosely held set of mere opinions, does not count for much in the world. He is, it is true, not likely to stir up any violent antagonisms; but he is also not likely to stir up anything else.

CHAPTER II.

FEELING AFTER GOD AND FINDING HIM.

COMPASSED about, as he was, from childhood with religious influences of the best sort, it was inevitable that David Morton's thoughts should early turn to God. In addition to the careful training that he received from his own parents, which has already been noticed, he was greatly benefited by the instruction and example of his Caldwell grandparents, with whom he spent much of his time. Andrew and Frances Caldwell were Methodists of the best ancient pattern, knowing God by a gracious personal experience, rigidly upright in their daily lives, and constant in their attendance upon the services of the Church. Religion was not an incidental thing with them, but a matter of supreme consideration. It is best at this point to let Dr. Morton speak for himself. He says:

My father made a careful record of my baptism, and to it in my childhood my attention was constantly called. I was often told of it by my old "black mammy," to whom I am indebted for the first nourishment that I ever received and for many other things which no words can tell. She was a strong Baptist, but a firm believer in infant baptism. If she was inconsistent in this—why, she was inconsistent. My stepmother often recited to me full details of the occurrence. These things affected me

deeply and made me feel that somehow I belonged to God and must at some time enter formally into his service. These were, perhaps, my earliest religious impressions.

Then I enjoyed under my father's roof, from my birth to my majority, the services of the family altar. They were conducted alternately by my father and my grandfather. There was just enough difference in their style of conducting the exercises to relieve them of all monotony and make them edifying. My father read well, sang finely, and prayed in plain, vigorous English. His whole manner indicated that he really believed what he read, felt what he sang, and desired what he asked; and the general impression of it all was most wholesome. My grandfather selected his Scripture lessons with care and read them with precision; and though he could not sing, he seldom failed to read a hymn which had evidently been studied closely and to offer a prayer that was a miniature body of divinity. I heard him once when I was a small child use the phrase, "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," and after the prayer was ended I went to him and asked what it meant. During his explanation I first found out that I needed to be reconciled to God. Soon afterwards he read at prayers the stanza:

I ask the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power;
Power to believe and go in peace
And never grieve thee more.

And this taught me that it was by prayer that I was to obtain the reconciliation. Then one morning a little later he read, as tears ran down his furrowed cheeks and his face glowed with the joy that filled his heart:

DAVID MORTON

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

I was thus brought to understand that I might know myself reconciled to God and resolved that I would never stop short of that knowledge.

The public worship in the village church mightily re-enforced the lessons of truth that David Morton got in his own home. A solid, old-fashioned brick building, with a rectangular auditorium, and galleries around three sides for the colored people, furnished ample room for the congregation, which was made up of pretty lively Methodists. There was scant formality, and everybody felt easy and at home. There was no organ. The hymns were given out two lines at a time, and some brother who could "set and carry" the tune—it was often Marmaduke Morton—led the singing. If the preacher happened to strike fire, there were hearty amens from the pews; and sometimes, when he seemed to lag, sympathetic brethren tried to help him out by encouraging responses. It was not considered amiss for any happy soul to praise God with a loud voice, and shouting was far from being uncommon. The class meeting was still in vogue and proved to be a most effective means of edification. The "mourners' bench" was a part of the church furniture and was often filled with men, women, and children inquiring after God.

It is barely possible that some of the saints had come to regard it with a rather superstitious veneration and to doubt whether there was any other place where a sinner was so likely to find forgiveness and peace. The one great use that it served was to encourage open confession. It has been to the Methodists all that the "inquiry room" has been to the Presbyterians and somewhat more.

As Russellville was almost from the beginning a stronghold of intelligent and well-to-do Methodists, the preachers sent to them were usually of the ablest class, and from time to time many men of distinction came from a distance to occupy the pulpit. Such were Thomas A. Morris and Hubbard H. Kavanaugh, both subsequently bishops; Charles Holliday, who became one of the general Book Agents at Cincinnati; Peter Akers and Peter Cartwright, men of renown in the whole country; Hooper Crews, famous as a presiding elder in Illinois; William P. McKnight and others. To listen to these able and earnest servants of Christ was to be lifted out of low and mean views of religion and to get a clearer vision of what is meant by the Kingdom of God in the Earth. Incidentally, also it was to get a practical training in the great art of public speaking. If David Morton was a Methodist born, as he thought, he was also a Methodist made. All the forces that played on him in the formative period of his

existence contributed something to the final result. It would have been an anomaly if in the long run he had turned out to be anything else.

Pursuing his own narrative, which covers this period of his development with great fullness, he says:

At thirteen I joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on probation as a seeker of religion and was assigned to one of the classes of the pastoral charge. At the end of six months, upon the recommendation of my class leader, though still only a "seeker," at the bidding of a convinced conscience I was received into full membership, being meanwhile closely attentive to my Church duties and religious devotions and leading, in the main, an upright and moral life.

Notice how measured this judgment is. He made it up many years afterwards on mature reflection and no doubt sought to express in it the exact and sober truth. In the sentences that follow next there is a gentle play of the humor that was so irrepressible in him and that now and then broke out even in the most unexpected connections. "During this time," he continues, "I seldom lost an opportunity to go to the mourners' bench and was known as 'the chronic mourner' of the neighborhood." Why he was held so long in what John Wesley would have called "a legal bondage," it is difficult to tell. The trouble was not an intellectual one. He had no doubts concerning his need of salvation nor of Christ's power to save him. Moreover, he was ap-

parently willing to be saved. But deep down in the abysses of his being there was some hindering cause. It is more than possible that his eyes had not yet been opened to see the utter hideousness and loathsomeness of sin and to cry out with St. Paul in a perfect agony of spirit: "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" His experience in this respect was not quite unique. Many other souls have traversed the same long and weary road over which he went toward the Kingdom. The great Augustine found peace and strength only after protracted waiting and wrestling for it, and John Wesley continued many years in "the wilderness state" and was a true servant of God long before he knew the rapture of being a son.

But deliverance comes at last to all who honestly feel their need of it. "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." This promise has never once failed; and it did not fail the open-spirited Kentucky youth, the dream of whose early years was that he might sometime catch a vision of God's uplifted face and hear the sweet and gentle sound of his forgiving voice. All the while the day of his redemption was drawing closer, and at last it came. Again it is better to let him tell his own story:

Just after I was eighteen years old I attended a meeting held by the Cumberland Presbyterians; and when an invitation was given I went forward, as usual, for the



Old Court House

The quaint old Court House at Russellville, Kentucky, now gone. The office of Clerk of the Courts in antebellum days was one of dignified importance. Marmaduke Beckwith Morton was clerk for many years. David Morton, as soon as he was able to write, was put to the copying desk in the clerk's office and thus acquired a business training of great value in after years.

The figure consists of two parts. The top part shows a single hexagon with vertices labeled a through f . The bottom part shows a larger section of the lattice, with vertices labeled a through z . The lattice is composed of interconnected hexagons, with some vertices highlighted by small black dots.

prayers of the Church and continued to go for several weeks. One evening during an exhortation by Rev. A. J. Baird, of Nashville, Tennessee, I was pungently convicted of sin and for the first time in my life realized the difference between a convinced judgment and a convicted heart. I cried mightily to God for help and only when asleep ceased thus to cry, giving up all business and everything else but seeking Christ. At the end of about a week I was converted, gloriously converted, and my soul was filled with delight, joy, rapture, and the peace which passeth all understanding. Strange to say, in less than three hours I began to doubt and in a little while found myself enveloped in a darkness which shut out every ray of light. For six long, weary months I groped my way through the folds of this darkness, till one Sabbath, when on the verge of despair, I resolved to partake of the Lord's Supper because I believed it my duty to do so; and while at the altar and in the very act of receiving the elements I was again filled with the love of God and found it to be unspeakable and full of glory.

He was not the first penitent to find the witness of the Spirit while partaking of the emblems of the Lord's sacrifice nor the last one. While it is true that the Spirit is not tied to the sacraments, it is also true that He often comes through them, using the visible badges as the channels of His grace.

I cannot help wondering whether David Morton in his days of depression ever fully uncovered his heart to any experienced Christian—say, to his father or grandfather. Surely, as I look at it, that would have

been the wise course to pursue; for he would have been able from them to learn the meaning of many things that were a puzzle to him and to gather fresh courage for the battle. It is a common thing, however, for young believers to be reticent about their doubts and fears. They hesitate to disclose the secret fightings through which they pass, lest they should seem to cast a shadow on the sincerity of their confession or bring dishonor on the name of Christ. Let us not be dogmatic in such matters. It may be best, after all, for a man to wrestle out his own difficulties. One thing is certain beyond even a peradventure, that in such a case he is never left altogether alone. The Eternal Spirit that "bloweth where He listeth" is in sympathy and alliance with all those that struggle and aspire toward the light. Even when His presence is not felt nor recognized He is still there, quickening and leading and always waiting for the complete fulfillment of the conditions to shed abroad His peace and love. David Morton in due time found it to be so. Because his face was always set in the right direction, he reached at last the point at which his sky cleared, his doubts all vanished, and he was able to rejoice without ceasing.

CHAPTER III.

CALLED TO PREACH AND ANSWERING THE CALL.

THE old Methodists were as certain that God calls some men to preach the gospel as they were that He calls all men to believe it and obey it. From their standpoint, it was a piece of inexcusable presumption for any man to enter the ministry without a special vocation thereto and an act of open rebellion for him to refuse to do so when convinced that he was divinely designated to the work. And they had good Scriptural reasons for both beliefs. While the Lord Jesus was still in the flesh He himself singled out of His disciples those whom He wished to surrender everything else and to devote themselves entirely to the work of proclaiming the Kingdom of God; and when He went away He did not delegate this authority of choosing His ambassadors to anybody else. On the contrary, He expressly reserved it in His own hands. Having ascended up on high and seated Himself on His mediatorial throne, "He gave gifts unto men." St. Paul further says: "He gave some to be apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all

come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." It is not too much to say that, according to this teaching, every true minister is a direct gift from the risen Lord to His Church.

The divine call does not always come in the same way, but usually follows the natural idiosyncrasies of human character. Sometimes a distinct premonition of it is felt even in childhood. I have known not a few men who were convinced long before their conversion that sooner or later they must preach. David Morton seems to have had some such anticipation. As a usual thing, however, the call is coincident with conversion or follows shortly thereafter. Of course it is heard, not in audible tones, but only in the depths of the spirit. When analyzed as far as it can be analyzed, it is found to be a sense of obligation to preach the gospel, so deeply impressed on the conscience that the man who is the subject of it must needs interpret it as having come from God. Sometimes it has a compulsory clearness that cannot be misunderstood, and then again it is rather vague and general, leaving its meaning to be made out with some pains and difficulty. A few men give in to it without the least hesitation and joyfully. The most draw back at first, not because they are unwilling to serve, but because they doubt

their fitness for so great a work. Some utterly refuse to yield and go through an ordeal of agony. In the case of these the Spirit often persists for months and years, though now and then He seems to be silenced by defiant disobedience. Always, however, there remains for a time at least a troubled heart, and now and then there follows a lapse into flagrant sin as a sort of retreat from known duty.

The mind of the Church, and especially of deeply experienced and nurtured Christians, is often a help and a guide to those whose own minds are not clear as to their duty. The Church calls nobody and dares not presume to do so. But in proportion as she is filled with the Spirit she is capable of noting and discriminating the true signs in those that are called of God. This at least is what she must do, for it lies with her to give or refuse a visible authorization to those who apply for it; and she must, therefore, canvass every case and seek to find out whether the Lord has or has not spoken. To take this function lightly, as if it were not a matter of grave importance, is to be guilty of a serious sin. Among Methodists from the beginning there have been three accepted tests for those who ask for license: Have they gifts, a good natural understanding, with the capacity to acquire knowledge and the power to speak clearly and forcibly? Have they graces, the fruit of the Spirit abiding and abounding

in their lives? Have they fruits, the outcome of their spontaneous and unofficial efforts for the salvation of others? Where these three signs agree, it is usually safe for the Church to give her formal consent and approval.

David Morton was too well instructed a youth not to know the symptoms when they came. He had *heard* of the call long before he definitely *heard* it. No doubt he had listened about his father's hearthstone to the old preachers tell how they had been summoned to the work as truly as Jonah was ordered to Nineveh and how, perhaps, they had tried to flee, as Jonah did, but had felt the detaining hand of God on them. Those, then, were not entirely novel sensations that began to rise up in his breast soon after he had experienced the deep joy of sonship in his heart. It is pleasant at so critical a point in his history to have his own record of his mental tribulations. Nothing that anybody else could say about him would be so illuminating. Here is what he says:

Soon the conviction that I ought to become a preacher, which I had experienced years before my conversion, was renewed with added force, and with it came a determination that I would not do so. After a six months' contest between conscience and inclination, the former triumphed, and I made a few efforts under many disabilities and much discouragement.



Daniel Morton



David Morton

David Morton and his Brothers in Boyhood



William Morton

Taken from daguerreotypes made in 1844 when Daniel was fifteen, William thirteen and David eleven years old.

11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100

But the fight was not over yet, by any means. The "disabilities" were real "discouragements." The young preacher did not find it easy to preach. Probably he found it much harder than he had supposed. Getting together something to say was not an inconsiderable task, and trying to say it was even more difficult. If he did not hesitate and stumble in his utterance, he was not like most of his brethren that have gone the same way. If he was not consciously mortified more than once by the poverty of his thought and utterance, then he missed what hundreds of others have endured. It may be, too, that somebody was kind enough to tell him that he could never learn to be much of a preacher. I am not speaking on information, but simply on supposition. Anyhow, he found the way to be anything but smooth before him.

It was not merely the question of preaching that was up for settlement in his mind, but the question of becoming a *traveling* preacher. If he could have remained at home, following some useful occupation, leading a decent Christian life, and holding a place in the ranks of the local ministry, he might possibly have been content. But the thought of giving up everything in the world that he had dreamed of as desirable and of becoming a homeless wanderer on the earth, with the certainty that he could look for nothing more than a bare pittance for a living and the uncertainty whether

he would always have even that, caused him to hesitate and draw back once more. Nothing could be franker than his self-revelation :

The conviction that I ought to give myself up wholly to the work of the ministry involved a struggle infinitely fiercer than the other and drove me to the verge of madness and oftener than once to contemplate suicide. But a gracious God watched over me ; and my friends, satisfied that I was in no condition to act for myself, took my case in hand and acted for me. I was licensed to exhort and to preach and recommended to the Annual Conference without being consulted.

Blessed is the young man who has keen-eyed and loving friends ready to help him when his own faculties are so numbed and dulled that he cannot help himself. Blessed, too, is the young man who, through whatever mental storms he has passed, has yet walked so consistently and uprightly in his outward life that those who know him most thoroughly are willing to trust him with the grave responsibilities of the Christian ministry. A clean and virtuous boyhood is the best preparation for any high duties that may come in later life. In the Quarterly Conference that commended David Morton for a place in the Methodist ministry there was probably not a man but had been acquainted with him intimately from his earliest years. The sober judgment of such a body was a vote of confidence that must have meant a great deal to him and to all the members of

his family. That it gave him new courage to go forward is beyond a doubt.

Another quotation tells the rest of the story:

My father gave me a horse, my mother made ready my clothes, my old class leader presented me with a Bible and a pair of saddlebags, and my former pastor took me with him to Conference. The struggle in my own breast continued and grew fiercer till just at nightfall on the last day of the session I found myself in a secluded spot on the bank of the Ohio River, prepared to plunge into a watery grave. Just then the Holy Spirit suggested just one more prayer before the deed was done; and, kneeling in the wet sand under a willow bush, I wrestled until after dark and at length, by God's help, made a full and final surrender of all I had or was or ever expected to be to Him and consecrated myself to His sole service for time and for eternity and rose from my knees as happy as I shall ever be this side of Heaven. In the strength of this consecration I have been for nearly thirty-nine years "traveling on."

How vividly, after the lapse of nearly twoscore years, he thus recalls what was a sort of final turning point in his career! He continued to "travel on" till he reached the end of his pilgrimage and scaled the Mount of God.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ITINERANT PREACHER.

IT has been made manifest in the foregoing chapter that during the whole session of the first Annual Conference which David Morton attended he was full of perplexity and distress. Not till after the session had ended and he had wandered off to a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ohio River did he obtain any measure of relief. Nevertheless, he was all the time a keen and interested observer of the Conference proceedings. Nothing of importance seems to have escaped his notice. All that he saw and heard was laid up as a permanent possession in his mind. Thus early did he begin the accumulation of that wide and accurate knowledge of the practical working of the Methodist economy which he displayed in his later years.

It is a grave pity that he did not keep a continuous journal from the beginning of his ministry. Such a journal he seems to have begun more than once, but only the scantest fragments of it were preserved. He possessed the happy knack of catching the interesting aspects of events, and he knew exactly how to report them in a lively and readable form. His oral reminiscences were an endless delight to all his friends. An autobiographical volume from his pen or dictated by

him would have become a part of the permanent literature of the Church. In trying to write even a brief sketch of him one is constantly thinking how much better it would have been if he had only written about himself.

In an address delivered at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, in September, 1896, on the occasion of the semicentennial of the organization of the Louisville Conference and made a matter of record, he drops into a vein of recollection and tells a good many things about the session of the Conference that received him on trial. The form and manner of his narrative are characteristic of him. For example, he notes the fact that both Bishop Joshua Soule and Bishop William Capers were present, the former as an honored and welcome visitor and the latter as the regular President of the body. While he does not say it in so many words, he certainly conveys the impression that Soule was the chief figure in his eye. He had heard the senior Bishop preach under very impressive circumstances ten or twelve years before and had never forgotten the occasion. Besides that, he was familiar with the great part Soule had played in saving the constitution of the Church during the agitations of 1820-28 and with his noble stand for the South in 1844. Above all, he could not fail to discern the majesty of Soule's bearing, and he found in it an appeal to his own spirit. This does not imply that

he was blind or indifferent to the really great gifts of person and character that were possessed by the gentle and eloquent Capers. Not at all. It means only that his mind was attracted chiefly by the towering old New Englander, who for a full generation had faced every storm that could blow upon him from any quarter and had come to be generally regarded as a sort of break-water against radical or revolutionary schemes of every sort. The admirations of a young man are a discovery and revelation of his own character.

If the appearance and manners of the bishops caught young Morton's notice, still more did the devotional exercises, and especially the singing, affect him. He says of it:

Among the most interesting features of the Conferences of that date was the singing by the preachers. There were always some who had fine voices; and while they were not in every case perfectly trained, their possessors sang well. When they led off, till the end of the stanza was reached and the congregation joined in the refrain, it made a chorus which I have always thought was the perfection of Church music, melodious, spirited, and deeply spiritual. Under it souls were often born to God, and the saints were edified and strengthened. The Rev. William B. Maxey was leader at this Conference; and, after a lapse of forty-three years, I still retain a lively recollection of his soul-stirring notes, the echoes of which have in many a dark hour cheered me onward in my pilgrim way.

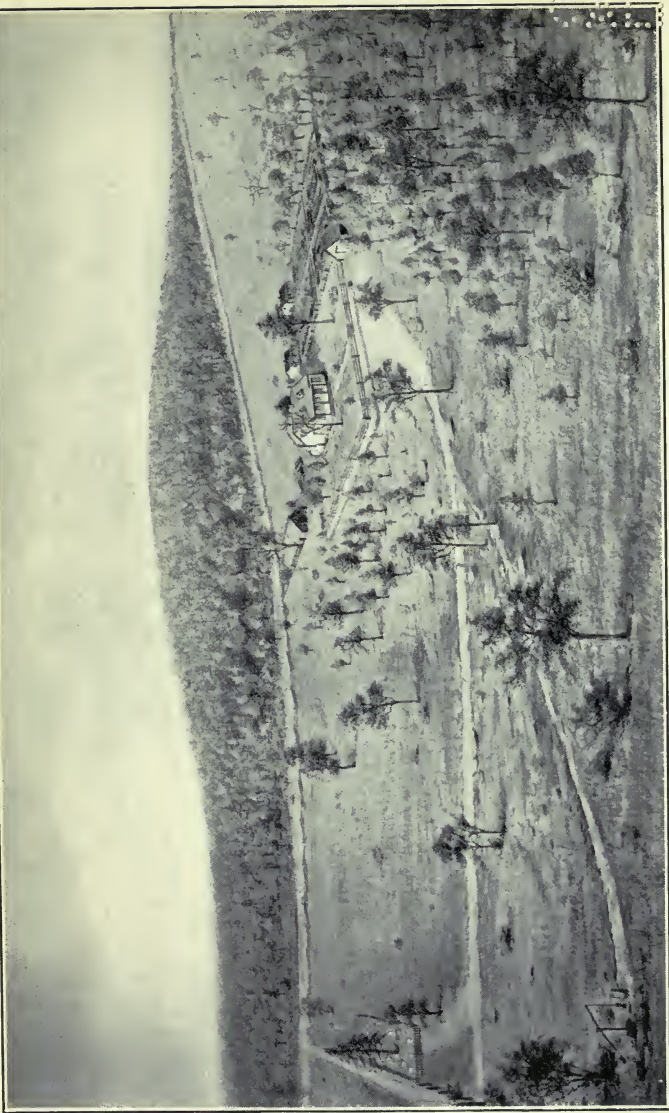
When the appointments were read out, the young itinerant was both surprised and disappointed to find that he had been appointed to the Mammoth Cave Circuit. To the circuit itself he had no particular objection. It was in a good part of the State and not very far from his own home. But, for some reason or other, he had supposed that he might be made junior preacher on the Russellville Circuit and thus have an opportunity on week days to finish some tasks in which he was interested. No doubt it was better for him to be detached at once from all secular pursuits and to learn by actual experience that his sole and only work thereafter was to be that of a Methodist preacher. In later years he himself certainly saw it in that light, but he could not see it so at the time. It is quite possible that he gave some expression to his discontent either in words or in his countenance, for he was never disposed to be secretive. What was in his mind was pretty sure to come out. Anyhow, one of his humorous friends made an awkward effort to cheer him by telling him that his charge "offered a fine opening for a young man." It was probably after that incident when, as narrated in the preceding chapter, he went to a sequestered spot on the Ohio River and wrestled out all his troubles with Almighty God.

After the Conference closed, he appears to have returned at once for a brief season to his father's house,

or at least to have visited it a little later. For some reason or other, one of his father's servants made the journey with him thence to his circuit. A little scrap of an old letter written by him from his first stopping place on his circuit on January 24, 1854, contains this significant paragraph:

Here we dined, and John started back. It was with some difficulty that I restrained the tears when I saw him leave. The tender cords of my soul are touched when I think of bygone days. I abominate slavery most heartily, but I abominate still more that tenet of abolitionism which teaches that there can be no such thing as affection between master and slave. Most gladly would I submit to almost any reasonable inconvenience in order to situate comfortably one of my father's negroes.

The first Sunday following his arrival he preached at Old Zion Church. It comforted him somewhat to learn that he was traveling in illustrious footsteps; for at that place, as he was told, "the great McKendree had once spread his hands and prayed for the peace of Zion." His text, which he tells us was a favorite with him, was Ephesians ii. 8: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." He certainly could not have chosen a passage lying closer than this to the very heart of the gospel. It is interesting to note the fact that from the very outset he centered his preaching in the supreme truths of religion. I should like very much to know just how the



The Knob. Reproduced from Pen and Ink Sketch of the Place before the Civil War

The Morton family seat, near Russellville, Kentucky, was known as "The Knob." The house was built about 1825 by Andrew Caldwell who lived in it for ten years and then sold it to his son-in-law, Marmaduke Beckwith Morton, who lived in it for fifty-two years and there died. It was destroyed by fire in 1890. This "Old Kentucky Home" was typical of the period with its colonial house, wide veranda, old fashioned garden, orchard, negro quarters, smoke house, milk house, meadow, stables, well with sweep, and family burying ground. This was David Morton's boyhood home. Beyond the cedar covered knob lay the farm on which there was for many years a powder mill owned by the ancestors of Mrs. M. B. Morton where powder was made from salt peter obtained from Mammoth Cave, some of its manufacture being used at the battle of New Orleans.

70 2141
2141 2141

congregation received his sermon, but I have been unable to find a single word from any source on that point. He himself informs us, however, that at his afternoon appointment in another church he found not a soul present to meet him, from which fact it is fairly presumable that if his morning discourse was a signal success the tidings of it had not spread very far. After it became altogether evident to him that nobody was coming out to hear him, he determined to have a season of prayer and was much refreshed by the exercise. His notes say: "I was somewhat discouraged, but had no notion of turning back." Toward the close of the afternoon he ventured to ride to the home of one of his members, where he found kindly entertainment and tarried several days. That he already knew how to make himself an agreeable guest is altogether certain. I very much doubt whether he ever failed to gain the affectionate good will of the inmates of any home into which he entered.

It is not at all likely that there was anything sensational in his labors and achievements during this year. As a matter of fact, it was not in him to be sensational. By the very bent of his nature he followed the beaten paths and discharged the duties that came next to hand. He was no prodigy of parts, but just a devout and sensible youth who knew nothing except to go right forward in the track that Providence opened to him. He

studied diligently, if not widely, matured his sermons in a rather slow and deliberate way and preached them round the circuit till he had them well in hand, visited and prayed in the homes of the people, held protracted meetings whenever he found a good opening for them, and looked after the Conference collections with scrupulous care. It is also true that he did his best to circulate good books and to get subscribers for the periodical literature of the Church, for we have positive evidence that a few years later he had become noted among the brethren for his activity in this respect. I should judge that nobody suspected him of being a genius or predicted that he would rise to the highest places in the Church. He was fortunate enough to miss a good deal of the silly praise that inflates and spoils so many young preachers. But as the months went on everybody came to realize that he was perfectly dependable, that he met his engagements, that he did not slight any of his tasks, and that he was honestly bent on acquitting himself as well as he could before God and man. All the time he was making some progress and holding whatever ground he gained.

In the course of the year he met with an accident which very nearly cost him his life. On his way to meet an appointment he tried to ford a swollen creek and barely escaped drowning. To avoid such a catastrophe it became necessary for him to cast off his over-

coat and overshoes, turn his horse loose, throw away his overcoat and rubbers, and swim for the shore. When help finally reached him, his clothes were frozen stiff. Fortunately for him, he was taken to the home of one of his members who lived near at hand and was cared for with great kindness. His horse drifted downstream and at last got safely to land. It is told by a gentleman who was present when the saddlebags were recovered and brought to him that he at once poured out their contents into the middle of the floor and paid no attention to anything else till he found a little ambrotype, examined it to see if it were damaged, and stowed it safely in his pocket. After that he quietly proceeded to sort and sift his other belongings. Forty years afterwards I spent a week in the same room with him at a hotel in Ocala, Florida. One morning he produced that same ambrotype and showed it to me as his most valued earthly possession. It was the picture of a fair young woman of about eighteen whom he had loved with a deep and passionate devotion since his boyhood days. There was a staying power in his affection.

Before the close of his first year in the itinerancy—that is to say, on August 8, 1854—this young woman, having already been for two or three years engaged to him, became his wife. Her name was Hannah Wilson Bottomley. She was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas

Bottomley and his wife, born Hannah Wilson. This Thomas Bottomley was an Englishman out of Yorkshire, who came to America in his early manhood. Prior to that event he had been a local preacher for five years in his native land, and he served eleven years in the same office after crossing the sea. In 1840, being then about thirty-five years of age, he started West, expecting to become a member of the Arkansas Conference, but, being providentially delayed in Kentucky, entered the itinerancy in the Kentucky Conference on trial and remained a member, first of that body and afterwards of the Louisville Conference, till his death at nearly ninety, in 1894, having preached the gospel all told, almost seventy-two years. In the course of time he became a man of real note among his brethren. For fifteen years he served the best charges in the city of Louisville, and for nine years he was a presiding elder. After his demise Dr. Morton wrote a most filial memoir of him for the Church Press, saying, among other things:

He was remarkable for the clearness and force with which he presented the doctrines of the Church and for the zeal with which he enforced the practical duties of Christianity. He was jealous almost to impatience of the slightest departure of our preachers and writers from the straight line of orthodox Methodist teaching and could not tolerate in them any lapse from a godly walk and conversation. His preaching was always spiritual and

during his prime was powerful to move the masses that heard him. He was a close student all his life.

His wife, to whom he was wedded when they were both young, was also of English birth. She was every way worthy to be the companion of such a man, walking gently but courageously by his side and sharing alike his joys and his sorrows with a serene and steady spirit for more than half a century and then leaving him for the better land just twelve years before his own departure.

With such parents and the training which they gave her, it was natural that Mrs. Morton should drop at once and easily into the life and work of her young husband. In her case marrying was not like taking a leap into the dark. Though still a mere girl in age, she was mature far beyond her years, and she knew perfectly well what she was doing. With her eyes wide open, and realizing that the road before her was likely to be in many ways a rough and difficult one, she gave herself wholly and utterly to David Morton because she loved him. Comely in person, uncommonly bright and vigorous in intellect, thoroughly well educated, and a devout and earnest Christian, she entered on the long road without weakness or fear. To say that she became a great wife is but to speak the sober truth. She shirked no duty of her station nor drew back from any of its responsibilities. Her mere presence helped her husband

on all the ground. If there was any weak spot in him, she knew exactly how to strengthen it. What greatness he achieved was in large part, as he himself knew and acknowledged most joyfully, due to the sustaining power of her hands. When her children came—and, first and last, there were nine of them—she welcomed them with true motherly delight and enriched their lives with a tender and exhaustless love. It is quite certain that she never for one moment entertained the thought that she had any higher or holier vocation in life than to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In due time for all this holy fidelity she received her reward. The long years of her widowhood have been cheered by the unfailing affection which her children have showered upon her. Now that she has passed the line of fourscore and is looking wistfully toward the Invisible City, she finds comfort and cheer in their reverence and honor.

And David Morton was as true and as good a husband as ever blessed a woman's heart. A gentleman by instinct and training and a Christian by conviction, he knew what was due to his wife and paid the debt without stint or reserve. Nor did he ever suffer the early glory of his marriage to die down and fade away. Through all the years, and on the very day when he closed his eyes upon the scenes of time, he remained a devoted and knightly lover, showing to the companion

of his youth not only a steadfast and impeccable faithfulness, but also a high and serious courtesy most beautiful to behold. Not that he indulged in any cheap ostentation toward her. Not at all. He knew that some things are too sacred to be made matter of common talk. But to those to whom he gave his confidence and whom he suffered to come into the holy places of his heart he revealed that great depth of married love of which weak and shallow souls are incapable. I have never known a man whose domestic affections kept more steadily in bloom than his.

He was quite as much attached to his children as he had been to his parents. Himself the most loyal of sons, he was also the most devoted of fathers. Whatever he could do for his children in any way, he did it without stint. He gave them first all the tenderness of his great soul and after that every form and kind of care that he could bestow upon them; and they in turn lavished upon him a most unusual measure of respect, admiration, and love. In their eyes he was never less than good and great. While he was living they took a just and high view of his deserts, and since his departure they have kept his memory fresh and green in their hearts. Nine children came into his home, five living to maturity and four dying in infancy, the following being the record: Mary Emma; infant son, born and died the same day; Charles Shipley, died an in-

fant; Thomas Bottomley; Joseph; Daniel; Hinds, a daughter, died in infancy; Nannie, died in infancy; and Marmaduke Beckwith.

The salary on this first circuit was one hundred and fifty dollars. Marrying on such a stipend was taking a considerable risk. Most worldly-wise people would have shaken their heads and pronounced it a piece of youthful folly. Nor can it be denied that there are many things to be said in support of such a view. But David Morton was born with the instinct of thrift in him. It would have been hard to put him in any place where he would not have been able to make a subsistence. This does not imply that he was close or stingy. He did not know what niggardliness meant. Few men in the history of the Methodist Church have given away a larger proportion of their incomes. At the same time he knew that money always represents somebody's toil and self-denial, and he never squandered it for foolish purposes. When he turned it loose he did it for the accomplishment of deliberate and judicious ends. It is taking no risk to say further that he never in any community left an unpaid obligation of so much as a dollar. Commercial honesty was imbedded in him. It was a part of his inheritance from a long line of upright forefathers.

To be sure, life in rural Kentucky at the time of which I write was very simple and inexpensive. Many



Thomas Bottomley

1805-1894

Thomas Bottomley, the father of Mrs. David Morton, was an Englishman out of Yorkshire who came to America in his early manhood. Prior to that event he had been a local preacher for five years in his native land and he served eleven years in the same office after crossing the sea. In 1840, being then thirty-five years of age, he started West expecting to become a member of the Arkansas Conference, but being Providentially delayed entered the itinerancy in the Kentucky Conference on trial and remained a member first of that body and afterwards of the Louisville Conference till his death at nearly ninety, having preached the gospel, all told, almost seventy-two years.

hospitable homes on the circuit were freely opened to the preacher and his family, and many household supplies, such as only the very rich can now afford to purchase, found their way to the parsonage from generous friends. All these things helped to smooth the way. And, besides, while our David Morton did not intend ever to be a pensioner or a pauper upon the bounty of his father and brothers, he must, nevertheless, have got a good deal of comfort from the knowledge that in an emergency he would always be able to draw a sight draft on any one of them without any fear of having it go to protest.

The Conference of 1854 met in Russellville; and the young circuit rider, with twelve months' experience in his vocation behind him, went up to the session and took his bride, who had made the last round on his circuit with him. It is safe to say that he was in a far better frame of mind than he had been a year before. For one thing, he had now become fully settled in the conviction that it was his duty to live and die an itinerant preacher. For many months he had experienced no return of his distressing doubts and uncertainties, though it is likely, considering his peculiarities of temperament, that he still had his "ups and downs." Along with his increase of religious peace and stability, he was jubilantly happy in his marriage. Then, too, he was glad to get back for a full week among his relatives and

old friends. Allusion has already been made to the strength of his local attachments. After his death Dr. Gross Alexander said of him in a very judicious personal tribute :

His devotion to the home of his childhood, the haunts of his early life, and the friends of his early days was very beautiful. He loved Russellville; he loved Logan County; he loved its beautiful rounded hills; he loved its creeks and woods; he loved its very clay. He loved the old homestead and the family graveyard in which his dear ones were buried with something of the feeling of a homesick child who has just seen its parents buried and has been taken away to live among strangers. This feeling he retained amid all the cares of his busy public life and down to the hour of his death.

It is as certain as anything could be that while the Conference was going on he visited about a good deal through the wide circle of his kinsfolk and did his full duty as a trencherman at the groaning tables for which the community was famous and that his face lighted up with pride whenever any reference was made to his wife.

The sessions of the Conference itself were uneventful except in one particular. Those who are at all familiar with the history of those days are aware that the public mind was full of feeling on the subject of slavery. Besides the extremists, on the one side, who held that slavery was a divine institution sanctioned

by the Holy Scriptures, and those on the other, who maintained that it was intrinsically sinful and at war with the whole spirit of Christianity, there was an immense body of people, including perhaps the majority of the citizenship of the country, who, while they thought it an evil to be deplored, fully reprobated the means by which it had been introduced and would have been glad to see it disposed of in some orderly and peaceable way, were still not prepared to heap maledictions on the heads of all those who by inheritance or otherwise were slaveholders and still less prepared to organize a propaganda and stir up sectional bitterness and strife to promote the cause of abolition. The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which met at Columbus, Georgia, in May of the year which we are now considering, taking the ground that special legislation against particular evils would in the end load down the Discipline of the Church with a vast mass of enactments, repealed all the legislation that had hitherto been enacted on the subject of slavery and left the whole matter to be dealt with precisely as other evils are.

As a matter of course, if the Conference had believed that the bare fact of holding a human being in bondage was sufficient ground for excluding a man from the Kingdom of Grace and Glory, it would not have taken the action which it did take. But, with the

New Testament at hand, it was difficult, if not impossible, to adopt that extreme view. There were slaveholders in good standing in the Apostolic Church and in the Church of later ages. The true policy, therefore, so it was agreed, was to preach the gospel to masters and slaves alike and let it work out its natural and legitimate consequences rather than to adopt violent measures that could only breed strife and might easily bring the Church and its agencies into collision with the civil authorities. While this view prevailed in the Church, it did not gain the consent of all. Some prominent men of the Louisville Conference refused to accept it. One of them in particular, the Rev. Creighton Gould, insisted on declaring his antagonism to it on the Conference floor and, after an animated discussion, was allowed to enter on the Journal his protest against the action of the General Conference. Writing about it in 1896, Dr. Morton says: "This little episode was the only ripple on the waters to disturb an otherwise placid and most delightful session." I have given it so much space simply because it was one of the signs and harbingers of that awful conflict which less than ten years afterwards drenched the land in blood and came near to destroying forever the fair fabric of constitutional freedom. In a preceding chapter we have seen what David Morton's personal opinions were. He hated slavery, but he knew that it was here and that

thousands of slaveholders who were not responsible for its existence were earnestly trying to deal with their servants in a Christian spirit; and he also felt deep down in his soul a distrust for all those counsels of violence which he saw were certain to bring on civil war, with its attendant train of horrors. Of course he took no part in the debate, being still only a probationer; but he listened with intelligent interest to what was said by others and did his own thinking.

In those days two years was the time limit on any pastoral charge, and it is probable that at least fifty per cent of the preachers moved every year. This was in accordance with Wesley's own deliberate view. He said without hesitation that he himself could not preach to the same congregation for twelve months without drying up in his ministry, and he much doubted whether anybody else could do better. The itinerancy became a part of his system, not merely because the most of his early preachers were unlearned men with a limited stock of knowledge, but also for deeper reasons. He preferred it on principle. Whether David Morton wanted to return to the Mammoth Cave Circuit or not, I cannot say. Certainly he was not surprised when he was changed to Campbellsville Circuit, in Taylor County. Concerning his work in this latter field, I have not been able to secure any copious data. That it was successful, however, is reasonably certain from the fact

that he remained there two full years and formed some of the most enduring friendships of his life. In the home of one of his members, Mr. Richard Cowherd, a wealthy and warm-hearted planter, his first child was born, an event which ever thereafter drew and held the two families close together. Mr. Cowherd put at the disposal of his pastor and wife the best of everything that his plantation afforded and did it in so spontaneous and generous a way as to double the value of all his benefactions. His name became a household memory among the Mortons. Over and again the story of his unsolicited and gracious courtesies was repeated in the ears of the children, as they came and grew up, until they knew it by heart. The cynical belief that there is no real gratitude in the world is effectively disproved by incidents of this sort.

In 1855 the Conference met at Greenville, with Bishop Robert Paine in the chair. This was not the Bishop's first official appearance in that part of the connection. He had held the Louisville Conference once before, in 1851, and had left a great impression. Everybody was glad to see him back. He had nature's stamp of greatness on him and the finished work of grace in him. In his preaching he was somewhat irregular and uneven, as most uncommon preachers are. At his best he towered to wonderful heights, equaling the foremost of his brethren and surpassing the most



Mrs. Thomas Bottomley
Born Hannah Wilson
1805-1882

Thomas Bottomley's wife, to whom he was wedded when they were both young, was also of English birth. She was every way worthy to be the companion of such a man, walking gently but courageously by his side and sharing alike his joys and his sorrows with a serene and steady spirit for more than half a century and then leaving him for the better land just twelve years before his own departure.

of them; but sometimes—and neither he himself nor anybody else could tell just when it was going to happen—he gravely disappointed public expectation. As a presiding officer he was well-nigh perfect and carried on in direct succession the great traditions of William McKendree. The distinguished lawyers and politicians who attended his Conferences pronounced him the most accomplished parliamentarian they had ever known. He wasted no time, but kept the business moving rapidly and smoothly from the first day till the last. His manners were easy and courtly, and his spirit was that of one who had been much with Christ. To be brought into contact with such a man for even a brief period was a real education in the social amenities.

David Morton had now completed his two years' probation and was eligible both to full membership in the Conference and to deacon's orders. The Conference having elected him, he was accordingly ordained by the imposition of the good Bishop's hands, a fact to which he always looked back with extreme pleasure.

At that time there had been no large extension of railroads in Kentucky. Not even carriages and buggies were common. Everybody—that is, nearly everybody—traveled on horseback. Men and women alike learned how to sit straight and to hold the reins aright. The great majority of the preachers came up to their

annual gatherings on their own nags. To see them coming in or going out, usually in larger or smaller groups, was a pleasant spectacle, as the writer of these pages is prepared to say from personal experience. Nearly all the itinerants were good judges of horse flesh and knew how to buy, sell, or swap to good advantage. Some of them, in fact, got the reputation of being a little too smart in such transactions. In an address delivered at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, as late as 1896 Mr. Morton tells about this particular Conference at Greenville and lets drop some characteristic remarks about the relation of horses to the spread of the gospel. It will not, I am sure, be out of place to quote him briefly:

The relation of the horse to the Methodist itinerancy has always been very intimate, and about this time scarce a Conference session passed without some reference or action that showed how important a factor he was in our economy. If a preacher's horse had strayed away, it was considered the best time and place to advertise him with a view to his recovery. If he was sick, remedies by the dozen were suggested. If he had died, a collection was at once taken, and the brother who failed to respond was regarded as little less than an outlaw. The close of the Conference, when men who had been on stations were assigned to circuits and districts and *vice versa*, was the signal for a general horse-trading. I well remember that just after adjournment at Greenville, in 1855, the street in front of a livery stable near the center of the town for a square or more was lined with teams and traders.

Preachers and ponies, women and wagons, children and colts were to be seen on all sides. There were selling and swapping, and buying and bartering, and stripping and saddling. Cash and credit and present and future delivery fixed the terms of sale, and in a little time the adjustments were complete. It was the close of my second year in the Conference, and to me it was an inspiring scene to witness how readily and cheerfully a Methodist preacher can adapt himself to changes in his condition in order to do the Master's work and carry the glad tidings to his fellow men.

At the end of 1856, very much to his grief, Mr. Morton found himself in infirm health to such an extent that he was forced either to locate or to ask for a supernumerary relation. Between the two courses he chose the latter. His brethren kindly consented to his request and allowed him to spend the whole of the next year in his old home. It may be safely asserted, however, that he was not idle, but that, up to the full measure of his strength and opportunity, he kept himself usefully busy in every way. To be unemployed, except under the stress of necessity, was impossible with him. Fortunately for him, the partial respite from ceaseless toil completely restored his bodily vigor and sent him to Smithland, the seat of the Conference of 1857, ready to resume with a glad and grateful heart the holy tasks which he had temporarily and reluctantly laid down. The signal thing about the session, as it stood out forever afterwards in his memory, was the

presence and the preaching of Bishop George F. Pierce and Dr. Jefferson Hamilton, both of whom were, in every sense of the word, unusual men. In personal appearance, in port and bearing, in pulpit and platform ability, and in unreserved consecration to Christ and his Church, they were altogether fit to be matched with the foremost men of their time. Either of them by himself was enough to make an occasion notable, and the two together lent a real glory to it. Mr. Morton went away from the Conference with his heart jubilant and dancing and never ceased to look back to it as one of the hallowed seasons of his life. In the same address to which I have already referred more than once he gives his matured and deliberate estimate of the wonderful and faithful ministers mentioned here, an estimate that is abundantly worth quoting, not only because it may help us to understand the fascination of the man, but also because it reveals quite fairly his own way of looking at things:

The presence at the Conference at Smithland in 1857 of Bishop George F. Pierce, in the chair, and Dr. Jefferson Hamilton, of Alabama, as Secretary of our Connec-tional Tract Society, was more talked of at the time and afterwards than any other event of the session. Pierce, born in Georgia and always a resident of the cotton States, was a typical Southerner and fully identified with every interest of his section. Hamilton was a native of Massachusetts, who in his early manhood came to the

South and remained there till at a ripe age he was gathered unto his fathers. He was second to no man in his loyalty to his chosen home and all that appertained thereto. As speakers on the floor of the Conference, they were well-nigh evenly matched. In platform service they stood side by side, so nearly peers that in selecting an advocate for your special cause you could scarce choose between them. As preachers they moved on lines so nearly parallel that it was difficult to decide which had the advantage in all the elements of great preaching. They both spoke from the depths of an inward, conscious acquaintance with God; were able expounders of his word; were masters of polished, lofty diction; were accurate, clear, and forceful speakers; were natural and cultured orators, who often soared to empyreal heights of eloquence that left their hearers in doubt whether they were in the body or out of the body. Both were in their prime and at their best during this Conference, and until the books are opened at the last day the good accomplished by their ministrations will not be known.

On Conference Sunday, full of holy joy, David Morton was one of the class who were ordained elders. His novitiate being now entirely passed, he was solemnly invested with full functions of the ministry. This was also an epochal event with him. He was quite as much rejoiced to feel upon his head the consecrating hands of Bishop Pierce as he had been two years before to feel those of Bishop Paine. Though without a particle of respect for the superstitious doctrine of tactual succession as held by the Romanists,

Anglo-Catholics, and other high Church folks, he yet recognized the propriety and beauty of the ceremony by which he had been set apart to the work of God, and he was glad to be in line and touch with the fathers and founders of Methodism.

He had acquitted himself so well on circuits that it was thought proper to test him on a station; and he was, therefore, assigned to Bardstown. That was not an easy post. It was and is one of the few Kentucky communities in which Roman Catholicism is the dominant faith. No Protestant Church was strong there. Methodism had rather a precarious footing. Its house of worship was in debt, and the general outlook was far from encouraging. The truth is that there are few things more depressing to an average congregation than a debt that has become an old story. It seems to arrest all sorts of progress, material and spiritual. Mr. Morton took in the situation very early and determined to remove this obstacle out of his way. During his whole life as a minister he was much engaged in the same sort of work. Some ministers made a record for getting their Churches into debt. He made a great record for getting his out of debt. As it was impossible to raise in Bardstown all the money that was needed to relieve the situation, he mounted his horse and spent many weeks canvassing a large part of Southern Kentucky for help. Wherever he went he preached and laid his

case before the people and with gratifying results. He did not get a large sum at any one place, but at every place, whether he came on Sunday or a week day, he got something. The aggregate was enough to be of great assistance in lifting the load off from his Church. Thus early did he begin to apply the methods which later proved so valuable in Church Extension.

I wish that I could put my hand on some word directly from him concerning the general outcome of his work at Bardstown, but no such word is in existence. He was not the man to exploit his own labors; nor has any one else, as far as I can discover, made a record of his activities at that time, except in the matter of which I have just spoken. But it is certain that he must have acquitted himself well; for at the end of the year, as will presently appear, he was transferred to a more important post.

When the hosts gathered at Hopkinsville in 1858, it was to meet their own Kentucky Bishop, Hubbard H. Kavanaugh, who now for the first time was to preside over them. He was well known to them all and loved and honored by them all. It was the universal opinion among them that, with the possible exception of Bishop Henry B. Bascom, he was the most eloquent preacher that Kentucky had ever produced. Many competent judges in different parts of the Church were inclined to rank him even above Bascom. He had been elected to

the episcopacy at the same time with Bishop Pierce, four years before. In preaching ability and in a certain noble simplicity of character the two men were much alike, but in every other respect they were different. Pierce was as handsome as Apollo; Kavanaugh was ungraceful in form and homely in face and features. Only when thoroughly aroused did he undergo that strange transformation in appearance which made him look like another man. It was not the good fortune of the writer to hear him till the autumn of 1870. At that time he was aging rapidly, but his preaching was still like the movement of an army with banners. It often reached and passed the limits of the sublime. Especially in dealing with the atonement and allied themes did he exhibit most masterly gifts. He had thought through and through all the issues of the Calvinistic controversy and could expound them with ease and power. At the time of his elevation to the episcopacy it was not supposed that he would ever shine as a president or as an interpreter and executive of law; and, in truth, he did occasionally let things go at loose ends when he was in the chair. But it is a rather remarkable fact that no one of his decisions on law points was ever reversed by the College of Bishops. He was put to a pretty severe test at this time by an appeal case involving an old personal friend which was tried by the Conference in open session. His rulings, which



David Morton



Hannah Bottomley

In the Days of Their Youth

were all adverse to his old friend and left him out of the Church, gave the Bishop pain.

To David Morton the coming of Bishop Kavanaugh was especially grateful. It brought up a perfect flood of pleasant memories. The Bishop was a close friend of his father and had once lived for one Winter in the Morton home. That he had left a pleasant and permanent impression on all the children of the household is as certain as anything can be. One and all, they held him in their affections. Nor was he, on his part, the sort of a man to forget the open-hearted and open-handed hospitality of which he had been the recipient. Whatever he could do consistently with his sense of propriety in the way of showing his gratitude, he was sure to do it. While it was utterly unlike him to exhibit any favoritism in making the appointments, he was no doubt glad that he could conscientiously send Marmaduke Morton's son to as important a place as Owensboro and thus give him a real and substantial advancement. The Methodist Church at that place has always been strong, and it is to this day one of the best in the Conference. That it put the young preacher to his best efforts to fill it in a satisfactory way, there can be no question. He had already acquired the habit of careful preparation for the pulpit, as is evident from the full volumes of manuscript sermons that he left behind him, many of which trace their beginnings back to a very early period

in his career. While he was not the slave of his manuscripts, he knew that nothing else clarifies the processes of thought as much as the use of the pen and that, moreover, if one is going to preserve the products of his thought he must put them on paper. It is impossible to imagine him as lounging carelessly through the week and then expecting God to fill his mouth with something worth saying on the Sabbath day. He took into the pulpit with him always the very best he was capable of producing, and so felt perfectly free to ask the divine blessing on it. Both the matter and the form of his discourses grew better as the passing years brought him a richer furnishing of mind and a growing facility of utterance. At the end of 1859 he was so well established in the esteem and good will of his congregation that he was returned for another year.

It had already got to be understood that Mr. Morton possessed unusual gifts for raising money; and so in 1860 he was detached from the pastorate and made Agent for the Southern Kentucky College, an institution which the Methodists in that part of the State had set up at Bowling Green for the schooling of their sons. This was the beginning of those intelligent and persistent efforts in the cause of Christian education which occupied so many of the best years of his life. At first it looked as if the enterprise were bound to prosper. The coming of the Civil War, however, de-

layed and defeated for a time the plans of its friends and founders. But the history of this enterprise is narrated in another chapter.

In 1861-65 there were stirring times in Kentucky. The long-dreaded war, which Henry Clay and other statesmen of his political faith had sought to avert by preaching the duty of magnanimous and patriotic forbearance between the sections, had at last broken in full fury on the land. Bad as it was everywhere, it was worse in Kentucky and one or two other of the border States than in any other part of the country. Lines of division ran zigzag through families, neighborhoods, and Churches. Old friends bound together by immemorial ties became bitter enemies. Brothers arrayed themselves against brothers. Fathers took up arms against sons. There was hardly a large family connection in the State that did not send some of its members into the Federal army and some into the Confederate army. There were Clays and Crittendens and Marshalls and Breckenridges and Hansons fighting under both flags. Those who are not old enough to remember it all can scarcely imagine the depth and bitterness of the passions that were aroused as the conflict went on. In the outset the State tried to adopt a policy of neutrality, not because she was too cowardly to take sides, but because by all her traditions she was drawn both ways and would have been

glad to keep out of the strife. But that proved impossible. The State was presently invaded by armies from the North and from the South alike and was compelled by the march of events to make election between the one or the other. In the outset there was an overwhelming majority in favor of the Union, but before the hostilities closed it is likely that the bulk of sympathy was with the Confederacy. David Morton himself was like thousands of others who would have been glad to maintain the ancient compacts, but who, nevertheless, when they had to make choice, found it impossible to go against their own section.

In illustration of what has been said in the foregoing paragraphs, it gives me much pleasure to introduce here, without apology of any sort, Mr. Morton's own account of what happened at the successive Conferences that met during the war. He conveys a better impression of the times and circumstances than any second-hand report could possibly furnish. The reader will not fail to see an occasional gleam of humor as he proceeds with the narrative. In the interest of history it is a pity that the proceedings of the Southern half of the Conference of 1861 could not have been published in full. It would surely be interesting reading. But here is what is actually put down :

The geographical position of our Conference during the Civil War made it the theater of military operations from

1861 to 1865. No great battle was fought on our soil, but by the marching and countermarching of armies and by raids much loss of property was entailed upon the people, and no little bitterness of feeling was engendered. There was not much diversity of opinion in our Church, and only a few of our preachers differed from their brethren on the great issues involved; and yet there was enough of friction to embarrass the appointing power in its efforts to suit men to places so that collisions would be avoided and support insured. These ends, however, under the good hand of our God upon us, were well-nigh attained.

In September, 1861, the members of the Conference residing in the Southern and Western sections of the State found themselves cut off from the possibility of attending the regular session which was to meet early in October in Louisville by the presence within our borders of two armies. A large body of Confederates, under command of General Albert Sidney Johnston, was in camp at Bowling Green; and a still larger body of Federals, commanded by General Buell, was near Munfordville. They were daily expected to join battle. Passes were applied for by the preachers and denied, and suspicion attached to every man who spoke of going to Conference. A consultation was held by a few preachers who happened to be in Russellville; and it was resolved that a paper be sent to the Conference at Louisville asking it to transact so much of the business as referred to the territory within the Federal lines as then existing and then adjourn to meet at Bethlehem, Logan County, Kentucky, on a specific day not distant, at which time and place it was proposed to have the preachers within the Confederate lines convene and conclude the Conference by transacting so much of its business as related to the territory occu-

pied by them. This paper reached the brethren in Louisville; but the request was denied, and the entire business of the Conference was done by them. Notwithstanding this, twenty-three preachers met at Bethlehem on the appointed day and proceeded to organize and conduct a Conference in due and ancient form.

Bishop Soule was sent for and came and took the chair. The long-time Secretary, Brother Dewitt, was present with the Journal and, when elected, served and recorded the minutes in the regular book. Business went briskly on for several days, and some things not strictly conservative were done. For instance, three delegates to the General Conference were elected, it being claimed that we were entitled to that number out of the five for the whole Conference. At this juncture a brother from Louisville, L. P. Crenshaw, who had eluded both armies, arrived; and when he had explained at length the action of the brethren at Louisville, better feeling prevailed, and the more radical features of our action were rescinded. By the election, though, they resolved to stand; and had the General Conference of 1862 met, for once in the history of the Church two sets of delegates would have claimed seats.

At Owensboro in 1862 the war touched us again in the form of a demand from the Federal commander of the post that we should by resolution declare our devotion to the Union of the States. This was met by a reaffirmation of our belief in the whole Twenty-Five Articles, including the Twenty-Third, that required loyalty to the powers that be.

These same authorities also insisted that we should expel two of the preachers who were charged with taking up arms against the government, but whose friends al-

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS,

That I, *Robert Taine* one of the Bishops of the
 Methodist Episcopal Church, South, under the protection of Almighty God, and with
 a single eye to his glory, by the imposition of my hands and prayer, have this day set
 apart *David Morton* for the office of a
 DEACON, in the said Methodist Episcopal Church; a man, who, in the judgment
 of the *Louisville* Conference, is well qualified for
 that work; and he is hereby recommended, to all whom it may concern, as a proper person
 to administer the ordinances of Baptism, Marriage, and the Ordinal of the Dead, in
 the absence of an Elder, and to feed the flock of Christ, so long as his spirit and practice
 are such as become the Gospel of Christ, and he continueth to hold fast the form of sound
 words, according to the established doctrines of the Gospel.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this *7th*
 day of *October* in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and
fifty nine

Granville Ky. R. Taine

Know all Men by these Presents,

That I, *George F. Pierce*
 one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, under the protection of Almighty
 God, and with a single eye to his glory, by the imposition of my hands and prayers, (being
 assisted by the Elders present,) have this day set apart *David*
Morton for the Office of an ELDER, in the said Methodist Episcopal
 Church, South; a man who, in the judgment of the *Louisville*
 Conference, is well qualified for that work; and he is hereby recommended, to all whom it may
 concern, as a proper person to administer the Sacraments and Ordinances, and to feed the flock
 of Christ, so long as his spirit and practice are such as become the Gospel of Christ, and he con-
 tinueth to hold fast the form of sound words, according to the established doctrines of the Gospel.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this *11th*
 day of *October* in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and
fifty seven

Geo F Pierce

David Morton's Credentials as a Minister

In a letter accompanying his will, David Morton closed with these words:
 "Let the children never forget that I regard it my highest honor that
 from my twentieth year to this date I have been a Methodist Preacher in
 good standing."

DAVID MORTON

leged that they were only serving as chaplains in the Confederate army. On the score that we could not try a man in his absence without notice, both cases were deferred; and after the war both men, Joseph S. Scobee and Thomas J. Moore, were regularly tried and acquitted.

One of our preachers, who was a chaplain in the Union army, made himself conspicuous by inducing the Federal commander at Glasgow in 1863 to issue an order for the arrest of several of his brethren on the charge of "general disloyalty" and also another order requiring the entire Conference to subscribe to the oath of allegiance then in general use. We were wholly unaware of any trouble until it was suddenly discovered that the Church in which the Conference was assembled was surrounded by a file of soldiers; and the provost marshal, accompanied by several aides, marched in and planted the United States flag just in front of the seat occupied by the Rev. John H. Linn, D.D., President of the Conference. The marshal began to read in a tremulous voice the order and, when he had finished, inquired for the brethren against whom the charge of disloyalty had been lodged.

Each arose in his place and expressed a willingness to be tested by any required standard. Each, according to Conference usage, was vouched for by his presiding elder; and though it was known to some of us who were better informed than the marshal that this indorsement came from men as little loyal as the accused, the latter were not troubled further.

As to the oath of allegiance, the impression got abroad in the room that it was only expected that we should salute the flag; and Dr. Charles B. Parsons, a strong Union man and a member of the Loyal League, seized the flag and, holding it aloft, addressed to it in the highly dramat-

DAVID MORTON

ic style of which he was so capable an apostrophe which has seldom been equaled among the many elicited by the Star-Spangled Banner. The flag then passed from preacher to preacher, many of whom received it with less enthusiasm than Dr. Parsons, and found its way last into the hands of Dr. Linn, the President of the Conference, who spoke in beautiful terms of the protection it had afforded to our missionaries as they sailed over the seas and in foreign lands preaching the glad tidings to those who sit in the region and shadow of death and closed by returning it to the provost marshal, adding with inimitable grace as he did so: "Is there anything else we can do for you, sir?" The officer answered promptly, "No, sir," and was about to leave the house when the Rev. G. W. Brush, an earnest friend of the Union, asked him to remain for a moment. Mr. Brush then stated that the ranking officer at the post had assured him that the Conference should not be disturbed, but that in his absence this subaltern had interfered and brought about this tumult. Then with genuine courage and consummate tact he administered a severe rebuke to him for annoying a religious body which was engaged in the transaction of legitimate business and had not in any way meddled with other matters. The marshal immediately retired with an air that suggested that he had not gotten what he had expected.

The following year, when the Conference was in session at Henderson, a small body of Confederate cavalry, who were in camp on the outskirts of the town, about a mile from the Ohio River, made several trips to the city, but did not molest the Conference or any of the preachers. While they were still there a few Federal gunboats made their appearance in the river and for nearly a whole day

DAVID MORTON

shelled the Confederate camp, firing, however, so as not to hurt the city or harm the people. The business of the Conference progressed very quietly in the main; but, despite ourselves, when we heard those ugly missiles whizzing just above the church in which we were met, we could not help being startled by sensations not altogether agreeable.

Further, a number of men who participated in the notable meetings at Bethlehem three years before were in the Conference room at this very time, and the minutes of this meeting were there too. Just what might be the effect if they were called for, we did not know; and so, after a hurried consultation by those most interested, it was deemed judicious to eliminate from the Secretary's Journal the entire proceedings of the Bethlehem Conference. Ever since, when this record has been inquired after, the answer has been: "*Non est inventus.*"

At Russellville in 1865 the war was over, the preachers were all at home again, Bishop Kavanaugh in amiable mood was in the chair, and good fellowship prevailed among all the brethren and in all our borders. Resolutions affirming our loyalty to the Church, South, and our purpose to cling to its fortunes in every emergency—written by Dr. A. H. Redford and supported by him in a ringing speech—were adopted by a vote almost unanimous. This action served as a keynote to the whole connection and became the rallying cry that helped to marshal our people for such a victory as has not been equaled by any Church in modern times.

In the fall of 1861, and again in 1862, Mr. Morton was appointed to Elkton Circuit, in the Southwestern part of the State. With most of the people in his

DAVID MORTON

charge he became exceedingly popular and remained so till the end of his life. The fact that he was known to be at heart a sympathizer with the South had the general effect of increasing rather than diminishing his influence in the community. While he did not put forth any effort to dissemble or to conceal his real convictions, he was yet too judicious a man and had too high a regard for his office to give needless offense to those of his flock who differed from him, and so he was held in general esteem by nearly everybody. But there were some extremists who resented the fact that he dared to differ from them, even though he committed no overt act against the general government. One of these, no less a personage than the Hon. Benjamin H. Bristow, who, partisanship aside, was a high-minded and worthy man and subsequently became Secretary of the Treasury in the administration of General Grant, procured his arrest by the Federal authorities on the mere general suspicion of disloyalty. Save for the intervention of other gentlemen who were also Unionists, but did not allow themselves to be controlled by merely political prejudices, and who knew that Mr. Morton had done nothing worthy of such treatment, he might have been subjected to a long imprisonment. As matters turned out, he was soon released and allowed to resume his work. Mr. Morton found himself cherishing a bitter resentment against this gentleman for

DAVID MORTON

what he conceived to be a gross injustice. Dr. Gross Alexander tells how the incident finally turned out :

But when he saw how this evil passion destroyed his peace with God and rendered him unfit for preaching, he determined to get rid of it. Starting out on the round of his circuit, he turned aside from the public road, dismounted, hitched his horse, got down on his knees in a corner of a fence, and continued there in prayer to God till the feeling of enmity was expelled and the love of God and of his persecutor was restored. This experience was in some respects an epitome of the man. His natural feelings were strong ; his desire for peace with God and a conscience void of offense was stronger. These he would preserve and maintain at any cost.

As late as 1896, however, I met him in the height of the Presidential canvass of that year and had a conversation with him about his preference among the candidates. With a funny twinkle in his eye he said to me : "Well, I cannot vote for Mr. Bryan, with his scheme for making fifty cents of silver worth a dollar ; and I cannot vote for Mr. McKinley, with his advocacy of a medieval tariff system ; and I will not vote for old Palmer, because he issued the order for my arrest and imprisonment during the war." Just how he did vote, he never told me ; but it is among the possibilities that he either went a-fishing (for a contribution to the Church Extension Loan Fund) or else cast a ballot for the nominee of the National Prohibitionists.

DAVID MORTON

It is within my knowledge that he became and continued for many years the ardent friend of the Bristow family.

Amusing experiences came to many of Mr. Morton's colleagues as the war went on. There was no minister in Kentucky of any Church that was more highly esteemed than Dr. George S. Savage. His face was a blessing, and his presence in any circle was as if the Master had revealed himself. He was a strong but not a bitter Union man. Some years ago the Louisville *Courier-Journal* reproduced the following story concerning him, giving Mr. Morton as authority :

Just after the battle of Perryville, in October, 1862, Dr. Savage was at one of his appointments to baptize some children. There was a large crowd, and a sturdy Southern matron brought her four children to the altar. "Name this child," said the Union preacher, laying his hand on the boy's head. "Simon Bolivar Buckner," was the reply, which caused a smile to come over the congregation ; but the brave preacher went on with his duty. "Name this child," taking the next in order. "Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard," and the smile grew into a snicker, while Dr. Savage became red in the face. He baptized the young namesake of the great engineer-soldier and went on with the ceremony. "Name this one," he gasped, reaching out for the third. "Albert Sidney Johnston," came the answer. The smile became audible and the preacher apoplectic. Heaving a sigh of relief, he took the fourth child, a little girl, whose gender he fondly supposed would preclude a continuation of heroic repro-



The First Family Group

David Morton, Mrs. David Morton and daughter Mary Emma.
From an old daguerreotype made in 1856 at Louisville, Kentucky.

DAVID MORTON

duction, and said: "Name this child." "Mary Stonewall Jackson Lee," came a response that set the congregation in a roar, while the Union parson thought that he had held in his arms the whole Southern Confederacy.

It is known that the Mortons, while never in want, found themselves at this time in close quarters financially. The cost of living was high, but the salaries of the preachers had not been advanced correspondingly. With three children of her own and an orphan child of her brother, Mrs. Morton found it a little difficult to make ends meet out of the resources which her husband was able to put at her disposal. But, instead of whining over the situation, she resolutely made up her mind to help in every way; and, accordingly, she took a large class of music pupils, who were able to pay a reasonable rate for the instruction which she gave them, and so supplemented what would otherwise have been the narrow income of the parsonage. In the meantime she also kept on good terms with everybody and so helped to steer her husband's bark through some rather rough waters.

On another page attention has been called to the fact that at the Conference of 1863, which met in the town of Glasgow, Dr. John H. Linn, one of the famous ministers of the day, was in the chair. This was due to the fact that all the bishops of the Church except Bishop Kavanaugh were inside the Confederate lines

DAVID MORTON

and in no wise minded to take the risk of venturing into Kentucky. Bishop Kavanaugh was in California, having been called thither by leading preachers and laymen in the hope that he might be able to hearten our people in that far-off region of the Church. Nobody fitter than Dr. Linn could have been selected to conduct the Conference business and make the appointments. He possessed all the intellectual and moral qualities needed for the efficient discharge of such duties and, besides, was implicitly trusted and honored by his brethren. From his hands Mr. Morton, having completed the full term of two years at Elkton, received an appointment to Hopkinsville Circuit. To come and go on this new charge it was necessary for him to have a passport from the Federal commandant at Hopkinsville, and to get this passport he had to make oath that he would in no wise hold communication with, or give aid and comfort to, the authorities of the Confederate States. That he greatly relished such proceedings is by no means likely. But he fully realized that Providence had compassed him about with circumstances which made it necessary for him to submit or else stop his ministry; and having once assumed the obligations of an oath, he felt bound in conscience and honor to keep it. If anything unusual happened to him during the year, it is nowhere recorded. The public mind was so largely occupied by the great events of the war that

there was not much chance for him to do more than follow the beaten round of duty. That he did this most faithfully, there is every reason for believing. Nor was it a small matter that, when everybody was excited and disturbed by the daily tidings of war and bloodshed, he went round his circuit preaching the gospel of peace and good will and discharging, all and singular, the functions of a Christian minister. To speak soberly, the very things that seemed to be a hindrance to the success of Christ's cause were an additional reason for unswerving faithfulness upon the part of all who professed allegiance to Him.

CHAPTER V.

TAKING A TURN WITH THE SCHOOLS.

ONE of the most remarkable things about Methodist preachers is their great versatility, the ease with which they can turn from one task to another. The Church from the beginning has presumed that they could do almost any sort of work that it needed to have done, and the issue in most cases has justified this expectation. It was by no means, therefore, an unprecedented thing when, in the summer of 1864, Mr. Morton was elected by the trustees President of the Russellville Academy for Girls. True, he was not a technical scholar, and he never became one; but, as set out in an opening chapter of this book, he had received when a boy an excellent academic training. In addition to that, he had always maintained careful habits of study and had accumulated a large stock of useful information. Few men surpassed him in the matter of general intelligence. His business capacity, moreover, was of the best, and that was one of the reasons why he was chosen. The trustees knew him well enough to be certain that if anybody could conduct the school without involving it in debt he could do so. In her girlhood days his wife had been a successful teacher and was

known to have a good gift for dealing with girls and young women. That fact, I am sure, had something to do with determining the election.

The school itself had quite a history behind it. In one form or other it had been in existence for nearly forty years and always more or less under the patronage and control of the Methodist Church. Though almost entirely lacking the equipment which is nowadays considered necessary for an institution of learning, it had, nevertheless, accomplished a vast amount of good. The State had at that time undertaken no systematic and organized plan for the education of all its children, thousands of whom would have grown up in ignorance but for the training furnished in the village academies set up by private individuals or by the different Churches. In 1856 the Rev. James E. Carnes, a notable scholar and preacher, closed up a very successful pastorate in Russellville. Several young men who greatly admired him and wished to retain him in the community bought what was known as the Old Academy, forming for this purpose a joint stock company, with shares of one hundred dollars each, and turned it over to him to be used by him at his discretion. The total cost of it was about thirty-five hundred dollars. In this building Mr. Carnes conducted a very prosperous school till he was elected by the General Conference of 1858 to be editor of the *Texas*

Christian Advocate. It so happened at that time that Dr. Edward Stevenson, who had been General Book Agent at Nashville, declined to accept the office for another term and removed to Russellville, where he had been twice a pastor and always a prime favorite. At the earnest request of the stockholders he consented to succeed Mr. Carnes on the condition that the property should be purchased and directly owned by the Church. With characteristic energy he not merely raised money enough to effect this transfer, but also a surplus of several thousand dollars with which to improve the buildings and adorn the grounds. In spite of the agitations of the war, he had a large patronage and great success in every way. But in the Spring of 1864 his health broke down completely, and on June 6, following, his long and useful life came to an end.

It was somewhat doubtful whether a young man entirely untried as a teacher could step into the breach and meet its responsibilities. But the result entirely vindicated the wisdom of the board in choosing Mr. Morton, who began his work in the following September and for four years maintained and enlarged the patronage and gave complete satisfaction to all concerned. Within a year or two it became evident that large additions would be needed to the grounds and buildings if it were to keep the lead it had secured, and adjacent grounds were accordingly purchased and

paid for. The plan first adopted was simply to overhaul the old buildings; but a good many people declined to give anything for that purpose, expressing at the same time a willingness to help if a new and worthy structure were undertaken. The general talk was that ten thousand dollars would be required, all told, for the execution of the contemplated scheme, which at that time was a much more considerable sum than it would be now. But even the ten thousand dollars was not forthcoming.

A weaker man would have dropped the whole thing or left it to be worked out by somebody else. But that was not David Morton's way. He quietly said: "I have generally succeeded with what I have undertaken." Instead of narrowing his plans to suit his resources, he enlarged them and determined somehow or other to get the money for which they called. It does not seem that he took anybody into his confidence till he had thought the whole situation through and reached his conclusions as to what ought to be done. Let him tell the story:

In the winter of 1867, just after I had retired one night, I was seized with the conviction that it would be easier to raise \$30,000 than \$10,000, and it so fastened itself upon my mind that I slept no more during the night; and after revolving the project in my mind, I arose from bed and wrote the present charter of Logan Female Col-

lege. About five o'clock in the morning I awoke my wife and told her that I was going to Frankfort on business and, putting the charter in my pocket, took the train before daylight, and the paper had been passed by the legislature then in session and became a law within a few days after it was written and before anybody at Russellville knew anything of my purpose. As soon as a certified copy of the charter could be obtained I called the corporators together and submitted it to them. They agreed to accept the charter, and we began at once devising plans to raise the money. I remember that one of the brethren gave it as his opinion that \$5,000 could not be raised in the entire Conference for such a purpose, and I said to him that if I did not get \$10,000 in the town I would never go beyond its corporate limits to ask for a dollar elsewhere. A meeting was held at the church, and \$5,000 was subscribed on the first evening; and within a month we had \$10,000 down on paper, and to it additions have been made every year since.

In 1868 he resigned the presidency of the college and was succeeded by Rev. R. H. Rivers, D.D., one of the famous teachers of the olden days. But his resignation did not mean any cessation of interest in the enterprise. On the contrary, he accepted the harder task of an agency for the purpose of securing the money with which to complete it and held the position for the next ten years, during a large part of which time, however, he was also a presiding elder or else had his hands full of some other work for the Church. That the raising of money was no easy job scarcely



Russellville Female Academy

The brick was built in 1819 by the Masons and first used as a lodge hall. Notice it is set to the points of the compass and not square with the street. It next became the Russellville Male Academy, the predecessor of Bethel College, and here taught John P. French and William Wines, instructors of David Morton. Still later it became the Russellville Female Academy, and the frame, originally three stories, was added for the accommodation of boarding pupils. David Morton was its President toward the close of the Civil War and after, and this school was the forerunner of Logan Female College. This old building was therefore the birthplace of two colleges. The picture was taken in 1908, the year it was razed.

needs to be said. The people to whom he went had not been educated to giving largely for that or any other purpose and often either turned him off without making any subscription or else satisfied their consciences with small contributions. One gentleman—it was Hugh Barclay—wrote his checks, first and last, for three thousand dollars and another for five hundred dollars. But nobody else did nearly so well. It was the day of small things. What made matters worse was that the great financial panic of 1873 broke upon the land and frightened everybody into narrow economy. In spite of all these discouragements, which were enough to depress and dishearten even a courageous man, Mr. Morton held on till he had raised the last cent of thirty-five thousand dollars and was able to rejoice in the complete and final extinction of the debt. The school has since prospered greatly under a succession of able and conscientious presidents and has been an immense help to the growth and stability of Methodism in that part of the State. While credit is due to many persons, the chief praise belongs to David Morton.

For twenty-eight years he was connected with the school in the capacity of president, agent, and director. The first dollar was collected by him, and he saw the last dime of its indebtedness paid before he resigned. In an article that appeared in the *Christian Advocate*,

DAVID MORTON

Dr. Gross Alexander says this concerning Mr. Morton's connection with Logan Female College: "To him more than to any other man, more than to all other men, the college to-day owes its existence and prosperity." That his brethren of the Louisville Conference appreciated Mr. Morton's labors for Logan Female College is attested by the following extract from his memoir published in the Minutes:

The conception of Logan Female College so early in his life was a prophecy of the young man's future. It was a noble conception, wisely planned, carefully executed, and became a grand realization under his efficient management. He took every precaution against failure. He first found a judicious location. He surrounded himself with a board of directors of wise business men. He traveled all over the Conference and enlisted the active sympathy of his brethren in the ministry and of hundreds of loyal laymen. He worked persistently through weary years until success crowned his labors. Then, with the triumphant long-meter doxology on his lips and in his heart, he laid down his trust. That was a happy day for him. Logan Female College is a nobler monument to David Morton in his native town than the sculptor could chisel from the marble or mold in bronze.

We have seen the work done by Mr. Morton in the founding of Logan Female College. His labors were not confined to the establishment of schools for young women. He was equally concerned for the education of young men. It is significant of his deep interest in

DAVID MORTON

education that we find him actively connected with the very beginnings of both classes of schools.

In 1859, at the session of the Conference held at Bardstown, a Board of Commissioners was appointed "to test the practicability of establishing an institution of learning at Bowling Green for the education of young men." This Commission was composed as follows: Edward Stevenson, Z. M. Taylor, N. H. Lee, T. J. Moore, B. F. Wilson, Henry Grider, T. B. Wright, James Hines, W. J. Underwood, Presley Meguiar. The Commission secured the transfer of the charter of the Southern College of Kentucky, a State institution which had not been successful in establishing itself, employed an architect, prepared plans for a building costing thirty-three thousand dollars, laid the corner stone with due ceremony, and had the greater part of the foundation laid when the Conference met at Bowling Green in 1860. At this Conference Mr. Morton was appointed agent for the new educational enterprise. This was three years before his connection with Logan Female College.

The breaking out of the war put an end to the plans so well begun. Mr. Morton, when finally convinced that the raising of money for college purposes was impossible, especially so with the proposed seat of the college an important strategic military point contended for by both armies, withdrew from his labors and

DAVID MORTON

retired to Russellville, his old home, until the next Conference, of 1861, when he was appointed to the Elkton Circuit.

And so the matter rested until after the close of the war, when the Conference met at Russellville in 1865, when a new Board of Commissioners was appointed, as follows: S. P. Hines, Henry Grider, P. W. Barclay, L. L. Cooke, David Morton, T. B. Wright, Presley Meguiar. A new charter was obtained under the name of Warren College. The fate of the school is thus briefly told by Mr. Morton:

The movement to build Warren College at Bowling Green was inaugurated just as the great Civil War began and, of course, was suspended till hostilities ended. With the return of peace the effort was revived; and after several years of Herculean labor by its friends, a building was bought and the college opened. For a time there was a prospect that the very earnest canvass for an endowment which was instituted would be successful and that the accomplished President and faculty would, in spite of the disabilities under which they were laboring, build up a prosperous and permanent college. When the victory seemed almost in sight, the munificent bequest of a deceased citizen of Warren County established a free college, which absorbed the local patronage, and the opening of Vanderbilt University diverted the support of the Church, and the only alternative was to yield to the inevitable and go into liquidation.

And so in 1878 the college ceased to be, after many years of effort to establish it by the Conference and

that, too, as Mr. Morton says, when success was just ahead.

The Conference now turned toward the new Vanderbilt University and, in 1884, became one of the patronizing Conferences of that institution and looked to its college department to supply the deficiency caused by the suspension of Warren College. A few years, however, demonstrated the fact that there was need for a school to prepare boys to enter the freshman class of the college department at Vanderbilt and to supply educational advantages to those who must content themselves, by force of circumstances, with less than a college education.

The sentiment for such a school grew stronger and stronger until, in 1891, at the Conference at Cadiz, it was ordered that a training school for young men be located within the bounds of the Conference, and a Board of Managers was elected with power to act. Dr. Morton was made chairman of this Board, the other members being: Gross Alexander, R. W. Browder, James A. Lewis, J. M. Lawson, Joseph McConnell, J. R. Hindman, C. R. Long, A. G. Murphey. In 1892 the Board selected Elkton as the seat of the school, and in the same year the school was opened in rented quarters, and in 1893 the new building was completed.

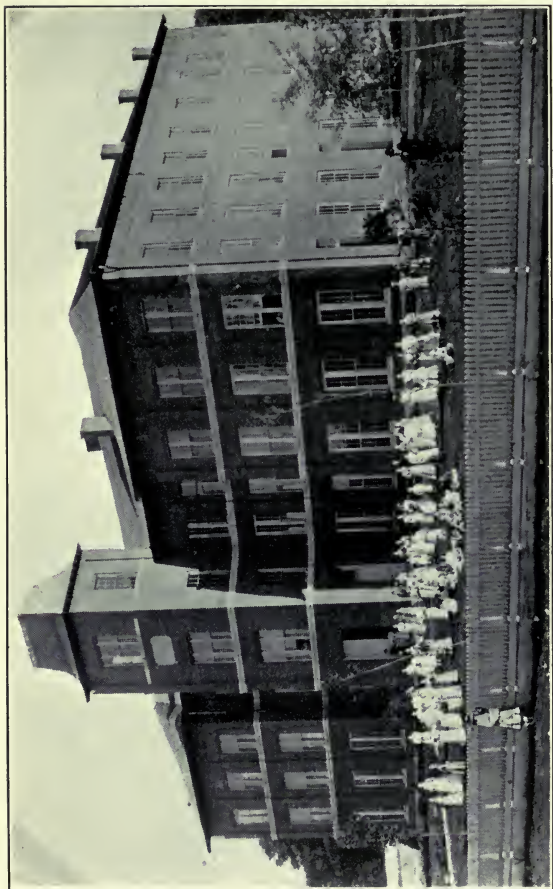
Dr. Morton remained President of the Board of

DAVID MORTON

Managers until his death, giving liberally out of his own pocket and gathering largely from others. The Morton Edwards Museum, a part of the school's equipment, was founded by him as a memorial to his little grandson. In many other ways he proved a faithful and capable friend of the school. Dr. R. W. Browder, who is now the President of the Board of Education of the Louisville Conference and who had much to do with the inauguration of this school, in writing of Dr. Morton's work in the field of education states:

Up to the time of his death he was greatly interested in every educational enterprise of the Conference and among the most liberal contributors to all of them. The history of the educational life of Kentucky and Kentucky Methodism could not be complete without the history of Dr. David Morton.

Apart from building schools and colleges and helping to provide for their support, Mr. Morton lent his efforts to other forms of educational endeavor. The Board of Education of the Louisville Conference was one of his favorite activities. At the Conference of 1866 at Elizabethtown the plan for this Board was presented, having been formulated by David Morton, W. H. Anderson, and Hon. Ben Helm. The first Board consisted of Thomas Bottomley, John H. Linn, William H. Anderson, Bird C. Levi, and John A. Car-



Logan College, Russellville, Kentucky, About 1874

An old print of Logan College. Prof. A. B. Stark, President of the school, is standing in the right foreground. The School was transferred from the Russellville Female Academy to this building in 1874, and was henceforth known as Logan College. David Morton was connected with this school for twenty-eight years as President, Agent, and Director. He raised the money with which this house was built and personally superintended its erection.

DAVID MORTON

ter. David Morton was appointed first agent of the Board. A charter was secured from the Legislature of Kentucky in 1867. It was proposed to raise a fund, to be securely invested, whose capital should never be used for any purpose. The interest should be, in part, reinvested so as constantly to increase the capital and, in part, used in assisting young men in securing an education, those preparing for the ministry to receive help first. In 1880 arrangements were made with Vanderbilt University by which young ministers were entered under terms favorable to both the Board and the students. Again I quote Dr. Gross Alexander, who says of Mr. Morton's work in this connection :

To him chiefly this organization, with its more than twenty thousand dollars of endowment and its long and honorable record of helpful service in the education of poor young preachers, owes, if not its existence, its perpetuation and success. His wise foresight and earnest care in providing for the future are well illustrated in the constitution of this Board, which provides that the principal shall not be expended in the erection of buildings or otherwise, but invested in interest-bearing securities, so that it might yield a perpetual income for current needs and particular emergencies.

From the fund which he thus jealously guarded many young men have been enabled to secure an education who without this help would have remained un-

DAVID MORTON

educated and, therefore, unable to fill the positions in life which they now occupy.

It is thus seen that Mr. Morton was a vital factor in these three important educational agencies of the Louisville Conference—Logan Female College, the Vanderbilt Training School, and the Board of Education—and that he always took a deep personal interest in the cause of Christian education in general.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

SIXTEEN years had now elapsed since David Morton began his career as an itinerant preacher. During all that time and under a great variety of circumstances he had shown himself to be a capable and faithful man and had secured a strong grip on the respect and esteem of his brethren. In the natural order of events the time had fully come when he should be given a seat in the chief assembly of the Church. It does not surprise us, therefore, to learn that in the Fall of 1869 he was elected one of the four clerical delegates from the Louisville Conference to the General Conference which convened in Memphis, Tenn., on May 4, 1870. His three colleagues were Albert H. Redford, Edmund W. Schon, and Nathaniel L. Lee. To be sent up for the first time in such company was a great honor.

Dr. Redford was then at the summit of his popularity. Excepting only Bishop Kavanaugh, he was perhaps the most influential Methodist in his native State. During the war he had been a staunch Southerner. At its close he had taken an unequivocal stand in favor of preserving the organization of Southern Methodism intact. He was the author, in fact, of the resolutions

to that effect which passed the Louisville Conference by so large a majority in 1865. Since 1866 he had been General Book Agent and was believed to be rapidly lifting the load of debt by which the Publishing House was burdened. The fact that he did not fulfill all expectations in that respect was not wholly his fault, but was due, in part at least, to circumstances beyond his control. He had also written and published a valuable, though somewhat fragmentary, "History of Methodism in Kentucky" and was full of all sorts of activities.

Dr. Schon had reached and passed his climax, but was still regarded by the whole Church with great favor. In 1844 he was an outstanding member of the Ohio Conference, but a Virginian by birth. Following his natural bent, he affiliated with the Church, South, as Moses Hinkle, Samuel Latta, and William Burke also did, and as Randolph S. Foster barely missed doing. Nothing could have been more cordial than the manner in which he was received below the line. The Tennessee Conference, to which he was first transferred, promptly elected him to the General Conference of 1846; and that body, in view of his great pulpit and platform ability, made him Secretary of the Board of Missions, which responsible post he filled with honor for many years, finally retiring from it to resume his old and best-loved employ as a pastor.

Dr. Lee was one of those balanced and capable men who seem to be as fit for one sort of work as for another and the value of whose service is beyond all computation. Like Sehon, he was a native Virginian, but had lived in Kentucky from his early youth. Though almost wholly self-educated, he had grown to be an accomplished theologian and a preacher of the first rank and had behind him a good record as a pastor, a presiding elder, and a teacher. All in all, he was just the kind of man to make an effective and trustworthy legislator.

For the first time in the history of the Church laymen were to sit in the General Conference. It was a happy coincidence that Mr. Morton was to go in at the same time. His association with laymen had always been particularly close. He was glad to see them bring the benefit of their wise and godly counsels into the assemblies of the Church; and it doubtless pleased him no little to be in company with four such men as J. S. Lithgow, W. B. Machen, J. C. Walker, and B. F. Biggs, whom the laymen of the Louisville Conference had named as their representatives.

When Mr. Morton took his seat at Memphis, it was like turning a new leaf in his life. Thenceforth he was to be a connectional man. Always he had felt a deep interest in connectional affairs, but now he was to belong in a higher sense to the whole Church. It is

not likely that there was a single person among all the delegates of whom he did not have some knowledge, for he was a diligent reader of the Church press and kept up quite carefully with all that went on in every part of the denomination. No man appeared above the horizon in any quarter of the Church without attracting his attention. Nevertheless, there were many men of prominence about whom he had read, but whom he had never seen. To meet them was doubtless a great satisfaction to him.

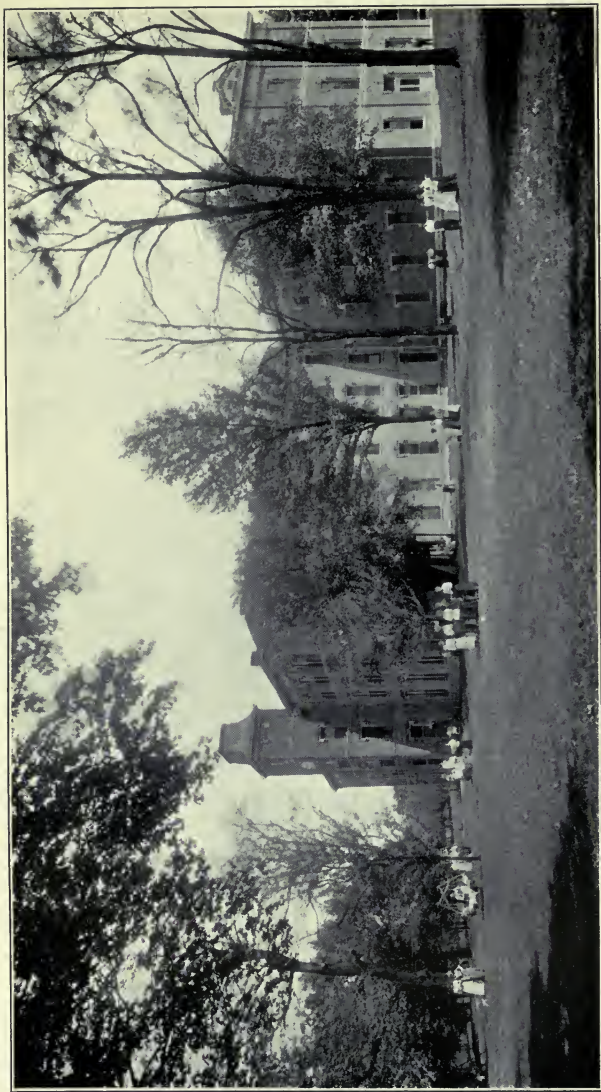
Bishop Soule had died in the early part of the preceding quadrennium. Bishop Early, though still in the flesh, was "in age and feebleness extreme." He had hoped and expected to reach Memphis, but was finally compelled to content himself with a letter of greeting and love to the body. Fortunately, Bishop Andrew, in spite of physical infirmities, was on hand. Not able to stand and speak, he delivered one or two brief addresses from his chair. As well as any man that ever lived, he knew how to "decrease" beautifully. By the most gracious example he taught all his younger brethren that it is possible to let go and to stand aside without becoming sour or surly.

Besides the whole College of Bishops, several of whom had not yet presided in Kentucky and whom Mr. Morton was now to see for the first time, there were such men as the patriarchal Lovick Pierce, then

far along toward his ninetieth year; David R. McAnnally, of St. Louis; Andrew Hunter, of Little Rock; Ephraim E. Wiley and David Sullins, of Holston; Samuel Register and Samuel S. Roszell, of Baltimore; Leroy M. Lee and James A. Duncan, of Virginia; N. F. Reid and Braxton Craven, of North Carolina; Hugh A. C. Walker and Whiteford Smith, of South Carolina; John B. McFerrin and A. L. P. Green, of Tennessee; Thomas L. Boswell and George W. D. Harris, of Memphis; William H. Watkins and Charles K. Marshall, of Mississippi; John C. Keener and Linus Parker, of Louisiana; Jefferson Hamilton and Thomas O. Summers, of Alabama; Andrew Monroe and William M. Rush, of Missouri; Josephus Anderson, of Florida; and many other ministers of equal standing from different parts of the Church. Among the laymen also there were not a few of wide renown, such as Senator W. B. Machen, of Kentucky; Senator Trusten Polk, of Missouri; Dr. James H. Carlisle, of South Carolina; Chancellor Landon C. Garland, of Mississippi; Chief Justice James Jackson and Gov. Alfred H. Colquitt, of Georgia; Congressman W. M. Robbins, of North Carolina; John F. House, of Tennessee; Roger Q. Mills, of Texas; Gen. Robert B. Vance, of North Carolina; and Judge H. W. Foote, of Mississippi, besides many others who stood to the front in everything and were fine specimens of all that

was best in the civic and religious life of their several communities.

To meet with such men in even a casual way was a distinct intellectual and spiritual stimulus. To be closely associated with them for several weeks in the work of the committees, to participate with them in the stirring debates of the Conference floor, to mingle freely with them in the delights of social intercourse, and to join with them in the solemnities of worship was a great enlargement of mind and character. On the whole, the Conference was a great school to observing and thoughtful young men. Mr. Morton belonged to that class and no doubt profited more even than he was aware of by this new experience. As a member of the Committee on Revisals he would find it necessary to study the Discipline afresh and could not fail to gather much additional information concerning it from the free and open comments of his fellow committeemen. As far as I can discover, he made only one speech on the Conference floor, and that was a characteristic one. The Louisville Methodists wanted the Publishing House moved from Nashville to their city and were ready to give a bonus of fifty thousand dollars in cash to secure that end. That was, for the times, a large sum of money. Mr. Morton thought it too large to be rejected. He also put emphasis upon the fact that Louisville had great natural advantages



Logan College, Russellville, Kentucky, in 1915

as a manufacturing center. But he could not overcome the influence of Drs. Green, McFerrin, and others, who were opposed to the movement.

One of the dramatic incidents of the Conference, not likely ever to be forgotten by Mr. Morton or anybody else that witnessed it, was the formal visit of Bishop E. L. Janes and Dr. W. L. Harris, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They were both men of commanding appearance and ranked with the worthiest leaders of their branch of Methodism. Bishop Janes had been chosen to his high office by the General Conference of 1844, though he was then only thirty-seven years of age and not a member of the Conference. As agent of the American Bible Society he had traveled extensively through the Southern States and had left a most agreeable memory behind him. The Southern delegates, knowing full well that it was not possible to put one of their own number into the episcopacy, concentrated their votes on Dr. Janes to defeat the election of another radical such as Leonidas L. Hamline. When he was chosen, they were demonstratively glad over the result. The last service that Lovick Pierce and William Capers performed in the United General Conference was to present Dr. Janes for ordination. As a bishop he had fully met the hopes of even his most sanguine friends. It was generally understood also that he still had a warm side for

his Southern brethren. Dr. Harris was likewise one of the great men of his communion. He had been for many years a professor in the Ohio Wesleyan University and, after that, one of the General Missionary Secretaries. In all matters pertaining to ecclesiastical law he was counted an expert. As Secretary of the General Conference he was almost without a peer. His election to the episcopacy a few years later was a sort of foreordained event and surprised nobody.

The object of these gentlemen in visiting the Conference was to raise the question of organic union. They were treated with great courtesy. On that point their own testimony is entirely explicit. Bishop Janes, who spoke before the open Conference, was most tactful. His references to the old days and to his own friendship for several of the older members of the Conference went straight to the hearts of his hearers. If he had been duly and fully authorized to tender terms of reunion or even of formal fraternity, he might have met with some practical and favorable response, though even then he could hardly have carried the majority of his hearers with him. But, strangely enough, he showed some lack of acquaintance with the exact nature of his own commission. When he was seated, Dr. John C. Keener, of Louisiana, one of the alertest men before him, arose and said: "I have listened, together with the rest of my brethren, to the

Christian and very earnest spirit of our brethren from the Methodist Episcopal Church. Coming to us, as they do, across a period of disaster and division, they are especially grateful to us." Then, producing a copy of the Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 1868, he read the resolution under which Bishop Janes and Dr. Harris were acting, and which revealed the fact that they had been specially commissioned to treat only with the African Zion Methodist Episcopal Church, and that their functions had been afterwards extended in a general way so as to empower them to treat with any other Methodist organization *desiring to unite with the Methodist Episcopal Church*. In view of these facts, Dr. Keener insisted that the visitors had not been properly deputed to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and offered the following resolutions:

Resolved: 1. That, gratefully recognizing that Providence has heretofore guided us, multiplied us, and strengthened our hands under trying conditions, both of war and of peace, as a Church of Jesus Christ, we earnestly desire to cultivate true Christian fellowship with every other branch of the Christian Church, and especially with our brethren of the several branches of Methodism in this country and in Europe.

2. That the action of our Board of Bishops at their last annual meeting in St. Louis in response to the message from the Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church has the full indorsement of this General

Conference and accurately defines our position in reference to any overtures which may proceed from that Church having in them an official and proper recognition of this body.

3. That the distinguished commission now present of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Chicago in May, 1868, appointed by it specifically to consider with commissioners from the African Methodist Episcopal Church to arrange for union with that body and to treat with similar commissions from any other Church which may desire a like union, cannot, in our judgment, be construed, without great violence, as having been constituted by that General Conference a committee to bear its fraternal expressions to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

4. That we are highly gratified at the visit of the commission as indicative of the return of the proper Christian sentiments and relations between the two great branches of Northern and Southern Methodism and that we extend to them personally our highest regards as brethren beloved in the Lord.

These resolutions were referred to a committee of nine, which subsequently brought in a report approving and somewhat enlarging them, and this report was adopted and made the action of the Conference. The result was that in 1874 three commissioners from the Methodist Episcopal Church, Drs. Albert S. Hunt and Charles H. Fowler and Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, appeared before the General Conference at Louisville with explicit credentials and a tender of fraternity and were

joyfully received. The front door had been open all the time, but not the back one. I have dwelt longer probably than some may think necessary on this particular event, but it was bound up with David Morton's life and deserves to be set forth with perfect clearness.

The mention of John C. Keener's name in the immediately foregoing paragraphs leads me to say that on May 23, following, he was elected bishop. His chief competitor was Dr. James A. Duncan, of Virginia. On the first ballot the vote stood: Keener, eighty-seven; Duncan, eighty-four, with a good many ballots scattering, and there was no choice. On the second it stood: Keener, ninety-six; Duncan, eighty-four; and Keener was declared to be elected. He was a native of Baltimore and a graduate of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. His whole ministry had been spent in Alabama and Louisiana, and New Orleans was now his home. As a pastor he had displayed great evangelistic power. Revivals of religion broke out under his faithful and searching preaching. As a presiding elder he had exhibited almost supreme gifts. As editor of the *New Orleans Christian Advocate* he had set a pace that was hard for anybody to follow. Speaking generally, it is allowable to say that he had made more permanent tracks in Louisiana than any other Methodist minister that ever entered the State. In his new office he speedily came to be looked upon

as the full equal of any of his colleagues. Profoundly consecrated to Christ, a deep and constant student, a keen and subtle thinker, an earnest and efficient administrator, a leader whenever new paths were to be struck out, an ardent advocate of missions and of Christian education, interested in everything that could touch the life and growth of the Church, he continued in active service till 1898, and then went on the retired list till his death, in 1906. From 1889 to 1898 he was the senior bishop of the Church.

Dr. Duncan, who came so near to being elected, was the son of that eminent scholar, Professor David Duncan, so long connected with Randolph-Macon and Wofford Colleges and the elder brother of the late Bishop William Wallace Duncan. At the time which we are now considering he was barely forty years of age. His career had been brilliant almost beyond belief. In the Virginia Conference, that had produced so many notably great preachers, he was admitted by everybody to be the greatest of all. Current rumor ran to the effect that his own colleagues from Virginia voted against making him a bishop because they were not willing to spare him from the presidency of their Conference college. Whether this is so or not, it is quite likely that his heroic toils for that institution brought him to his grave before there was another chance to promote him. In 1870, however, he appeared, with Chan-

cellor Garland, before the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Baltimore as the first fraternal messenger received from our Church and set a standard for high and glorious eloquence which none of his successors have ever been able to reach. Beautiful in person, irresistibly charming in social life, the memory of him still lingers in Virginia as lustrous as the morning star.

Another matter of great importance that came before the Conference was that of Christian education in general and ministerial education in particular. At the beginning of the War between the States the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, had made good progress in the matter of founding and endowing its colleges. No other denomination in the country had done better. But the war played havoc with nearly every one of its institutions of learning. When peace came they had nothing left but their buildings, and some of them were in ruins. Very courageously the Christian scholars who filled the faculties undertook to go on with their work. There is no finer chapter in heroisms than that which tells of their efforts. Inevitably, however, they found themselves compassed about by all sorts of difficulties and were often tempted to wonder what the final outcome would be. At this particular General Conference the Chairman of the Committee on Education was Chancellor Landon C. Garland, one of the

best-equipped scholars that the country had yet produced. Two or three of the reports which he wrote are really discussions of the whole question of education and deserve a careful reading even at the present day. One of them favored the establishment of a theological seminary; but the Conference was not quite ready to commit itself to the idea of theological teaching separate and apart from the general scholastic training, and so the project failed. But the agitation of the whole matter had a marked effect on the public mind and, no doubt, led on to the movement that issued in 1873, the founding of the Vanderbilt University.

The Conference did nothing that was of greater significance than the thorough overhauling which it gave to the Sunday School Department. By throwing overboard all the obsolete methods and falling into line with the other Protestant Churches in the effort to teach the whole Bible systematically to each successive generation, it showed a wisdom worthy of its day; and by singling out Atticus G. Haygood, a young Georgian of infinite potencies and afterwards to be felt in every sphere of the Church's activities, and making him Secretary, it displayed a practical sagacity which Churchmen are not usually supposed to possess.

But why have I inserted all these things here? Simply because I wished to show how David Morton, now thirty-six years of age, was thrown into the very mid-



Vanderbilt Training School, Elkton, Kentucky

In 1860 David Morton was appointed agent for the movement to establish a school for boys in the Louisville Conference, and he continued closely identified with it until its fruition in the establishment of Vanderbilt Training School in 1891, thirty-one years later. He was President of the Board of Managers of the Training School from the beginning until his death in 1898.

stream of the Church's life in such a way as to broaden and quicken all his faculties. It was by processes such as these that God was gradually maturing him for that larger place which he was thereafter to take and hold in the kingdom. No man can escape the influence of his surroundings. True greatness is bred, not in the seclusion of the study or the closet, but in the open conflicts of the everyday world. Men grow strong by wrestling with their fellow men.

In May, 1878, Mr. Morton went up to the General Conference which met in Atlanta, Georgia, to which, as stated in a following chapter, he had been elected as a delegate from the Denver Conference. To his great surprise, his right to a seat was challenged on the ground that it was not competent for a minister to represent a Conference of which he was no longer a member. The only question that raised any doubt was a purely legal one. In the end Mr. Morton was seated and assigned to the Committee on Education and the Committee on the Publishing House, for both of which he had special fitness.

On the latter of these committees he found it necessary to do some things which for a time interrupted his long-standing friendship with Dr. Redford, the General Book Agent. Owing to various causes, which it is not necessary to recount here, the Publishing House had become seriously involved in financial diffi-

culties, and it was necessary to take heroic measures for rescuing it. Dr. Redford was a born optimist. It was his natural inclination to take a rosy view of things. He had, moreover, a boundless energy and never questioned his ability to work out any enterprise that had been committed to his hands. In the bottom of his soul he felt that he deserved praise and not blame, and many of his friends shared the same view. Others, however, who were at least equally wise, Mr. Morton among them, saw the matter in a different light and could do nothing less than stand by their convictions. The result is history. Dr. Redford was dropped from his office, and Dr. McFerrin was put into the vacant place. The Church rallied to his call and subscribed three hundred thousand dollars long-term four per cent bonds, thus relieving the immediate pressure and opening the way to a wonderful history. All the parties concerned in the whole affair have long since been in the other world and, no doubt, have come to see one another in a truer and clearer light. Mr. Morton never at any time hesitated as to his course in the affair, but he carefully avoided anything like harsh or bitter feelings concerning it.

At this General Conference Mr. Morton was enabled to perform a real service for the Church in Montana, from which he had just returned, as we shall see in the following chapter. The effort to have the Montana

DAVID MORTON

Conference created four years previously had failed, much to the disappointment of the infant Church in that far-away land. Mr. Morton was a strong advocate for a Montana Conference, and how he pushed the matter through to success is thus told by Rev. E. J. Stanley in his life of that fearless pioneer preacher of Montana Methodism, L. B. Stateler:

At the session of the Helena District Conference held at Boulder in February, 1878, the Montana delegate was instructed to urge the ensuing General Conference, which was to meet the following May at Atlanta, Georgia, to organize the work into a separate Conference. With only five members to start with, it appeared like a hopeless effort; but it was believed by those on the ground that the permanence of our Church in Montana depended upon the success of the measure. It was carried through the efficient and persistent effort of David Morton, assisted by other earnest and true men who ably advocated the measure. Thus, after four long and weary years of anxious watching, working, and waiting, the request was granted.

In a spirit of great sadness the Conference took notice of the death of Bishop Enoch M. Marvin, which had occurred during the preceding quadrennium. He was only fifty-four years old when his end came, but had secured a hold upon the esteem and affection of the Church which was not less than wonderful. Without any early advantages, and solely by virtue of native endowment and consecrated diligence, he grew step by step to be a great thinker, a great preacher, a great

DAVID MORTON

general superintendent. Many and varied as were his gifts, the thing that distinguished him most was his unflagging fervor in evangelistic labors. Always and everywhere he was a messenger of Christ. It is doubtful whether in this respect the Church has ever had quite his equal. He was not merely honored, but loved. His namesakes may be counted by the thousands.

It is a coincidence that the same General Conference that passed its final eulogies on Bishop Marvin should have called into connectional service another man who still lingers among us, in his eighty-second year. I mean Alpheus W. Wilson. By a large majority he was chosen General Secretary of the Board of Missions; and though he held that post for only four years, he gave an impulse to the missionary cause that lingers and abides to this day. In 1882 he was elected to the episcopacy and has adorned the office thirty-three years, sixteen years of that time as senior bishop. His retirement from active service at the General Conference of 1914 was a source of deep regret to thousands of Methodists. I here put it on record as my deliberate judgment that no mightier preacher of the gospel has ever arisen in any branch of the Methodist Church, if, indeed, in any Church.

Dr. Morton was not a member of the General Conference of 1882, which met at Nashville, Tennessee,

although this General Conference created the Board of Church Extension and elected him Corresponding Secretary thereof. He was a member, however, of every General Conference thereafter until his death; and the action of the General Conferences in so far as it relates to the work of Church Extension is discussed in the chapter dealing with that part of Dr. Morton's life.

Dr. Morton as a member of the General Conference of 1886 rendered useful service in that capacity. He participated in the election of four bishops—William Wallace Duncan, Charles B. Galloway, Eugene R. Hendrix, and Joseph S. Key—all of whom became his trusted colaborers on the Board of Church Extension and his own personal friends.

Bishop H. N. McTyeire had been a sort of right-hand man to Dr. Morton. His steady and cordial support had meant much in the launching of the new Board of Church Extension. Unfortunately enough, this was to be his last General Conference. Though the public was not aware of the fact, he was already showing marked signs of physical weakness. Three years later, after a long and weary illness, he passed into the eternal world. He was a colossal man. In the strength of his character and in the range and scope of his influence no man of his generation surpassed him, and very few equaled him. He was built apparently to last for fourscore years. His death at

the early age of sixty-five was an almost irreparable loss to the Church.

At this General Conference, only four years after his first election to the secretaryship of the Board of Church Extension, Dr. Morton received more than forty votes for the episcopacy; and four years later he was equally honored. It need scarcely be said that these votes were entirely spontaneous and represented the honest convictions and feelings of the delegates who cast them. That Dr. Morton himself ever made anything like a canvass or even spoke a single word of solicitation to any human being in his own behalf is simply impossible. Even if his piety had not been deep enough to hinder him from doing anything of this sort, as it certainly was, his self-respect was altogether sufficient to prevent him from directly or indirectly appealing to anybody for support. He would no more have fawned upon his brethren with a view of securing their ballots than he would have leaped over a precipice. The writer of these pages chanced to know, in fact, that while the voting was actually going on in St. Louis in 1890, and Dr. Morton was known to stand a very good chance of election, he went to several of his best friends and urged them to vote for another man. There is no question that his action at that critical point materially helped to determine the final result.

That Dr. Morton would have made an excellent

This picture was made by Mrs. Marmaduke Beckwith Morton and given to David Morton. Each figure is separate from the others. Most of them are steel engravings clipped from the religious magazines of that day. Many years passed before the collection was completed. The group was then planned and each picture mounted separately. There are many rare likenesses shown here, no longer obtainable. The faces of many of those mentioned in this biography may be seen in this picture.

I The Foundry. II Wesley Preaching on His Father's Tomb. III The Death of Wesley. IV Wesley's Tomb. V The Rescue of John Wesley from the Burning Rectory.

1	Richard Watson	27	J. O. Summers	53	Bishop George F. Pierce	75	William Winans
2	William Carvosso	28	John Wesley	54	Bishop John Early	76	— Washburne
3	Adam Clark	29	Susanna Wesley	55	Bishop William Capers	77	William M. —
4		30	John Wesley, age 40	56	Bishop Henry Bascom	78	Daniel Pecklow
5		31	Bishop W. McKendree	57	Martin Ruter	79	Elijah Woolsey
6		32		58	Jonathan Stamper	80	J. B. McFerrin
7		33	A. H. Clark	59		81	A. L. P. Green
8	James Arminius	34		60	— Dempster	82	Edmond Sehon
9		35	Stephen Olin	61	John T Durbin	83	G. Foster Hays
10	John Fletcher	36	George N. Lane	62	Samuel Merwin	84	Thomas Sargent
11	Robert Newton	37	Bishop E. M. Marvin	63	Between-the-logs, a Wyandotte	85	Joshua Wills
12	William Kid	38	Bishop D. S. Doggett	64	Indian chief and	86	Phillip Doddridge
13	— Stewart	39	Bishop Robert Paine	65	Methodist Preacher	87	
14	Matthew Tobias	40	Bishop Francis Asbury		— an Indian Missionary	88	C. S. M. —
15	John ? Summerfield	41	R. H. Rivers	66	Manuncue, a Wyandotte	89	Jefferson Hamilton
16	Charles Wesley	42	Bishop Beverly Waugh ?	67	Indian Chief and Methodist Preacher	90	David Morton
17	George Whitfield	43	Bishop Morris ?		Edmond Stevenson	91	George Peck
18	John Stu—	44		68	Peter Akers	92	Joseph Moore
19		45		69	Thomas Bottomley	93	— Elliott, D. D.
20	— Lanktree	46		70	Fanning Faree	94	William Ryland
21	James St—	47		71	Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh	95	John Collins
22	James Stewart	48	Lovick Pierce	72		96	Nathan Bangs
23	Samuel Murphy	49	Bishop J. C. Keener	73		97	James Bateman
24	Bishop H. N. McIntyre	50	John Clegg	74	— Rice	98	Henry Strad
25	Henry Chase	51	Valentine Cook			99	
26	Bishop W. M. Wightman	52				100	



Eminent Methodists

bishop if he had been chosen to that post is believed by all who were well acquainted with his gifts and equipments. He possessed the vigor of intellect, the force of will, and the soundness of Christian character which ought to belong to the man who is made an overseer of the Church of God. I have said at another place in this volume that strength rather than brilliancy was his chief mental characteristic. He knew how to deal with men and affairs. While as a preacher he did not rank with Bascom and Kavanaugh, the two great Kentuckians who were singled out for episcopal service, he yet had some endowments which neither one of them possessed. The Church never set him to any task that he did not discharge with dignity and honor. As a bishop he would have been worthy of all respect.

Dr. Morton was again elected at the head of the Louisville Conference delegation to the General Conference of 1890 at St. Louis and assigned to the Committee on Episcopacy.

One of the most remarkable incidents of this General Conference was the coming of the Rev. Dr. D. J. Waller as fraternal messenger from the Wesleyan Conference. His mission was a delicate one. The mother Conference had up to that time refused to give any formal recognition to the Southern Methodists. During the War between the States it had listened to some very bitter speeches from Bishop Simpson, Dr. John Mc-

Clintock, and others, the result of which was to lower still further its estimate of the folks below the Ohio. The common British notion at that time was that, till the Southerners repented in sackcloth and ashes of their "connection with slavery," they should be held at arm's length. By a process of reasoning which was certainly very queer, the one body of Methodists in all the world who had done vastly most to Christianize the slaves and to alleviate their woes was thus held up to the general scorn and contempt of Christendom. But time works wonders. The Southern Methodists knew their own record and were not ashamed of it; rather they *gloried* in it and felt certain of their final vindication before God and man. They never repented of their attitude toward the negro. But other people came to see things in a different light. The Methodist Episcopal Church made a straightforward offer of fraternity to them in 1874; and now, twelve years later, the English Methodists followed their gracious example.

No better man than Dr. Waller could have been chosen for opening up the way to reconciliation. He was large, balanced, and sensible. Before coming across the sea he took special pains to inform himself concerning the great issues that had been the lines of separation. He was too wise to express any apologies for his own people and too considerate to ask for any

from those he had come to visit. The past, he knew, was gone. No good could come from stirring up its bitter memories. It was better to admit that under difficult conditions all parties had honestly tried to do their duty as they saw it. The present carried with it a tremendous appeal—and the future. Nothing could have been more tactful than Dr. Waller's approaches and nothing more cordial than the manner of his reception. His public utterances were heard with delight, and his deportment in all the social circles won him universal good will.

It was a great joy to Dr. Morton to assist at this time in the election to the episcopacy of two of his dearest friends, Dr. Atticus G. Haygood and Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald, both of whom by long years of faithful and capable service had fairly earned the admiration and love of the whole Church.

Before the Conference closed, it provided for the organization of a General Board of Education. The matter had been mooted in 1886, but had then failed of securing the approval of a majority of the delegates. In the intervening period the drift of opinion had become more favorable to it. Dr. William W. Smith, of Virginia, who had warmly advocated it, was elected its first Secretary. In the course of a few weeks, however, he resigned the post and was succeeded by Dr. R. J. Bigham, of the North Georgia Conference.

Dr. Morton again went up at the head of the Louisville Conference delegation to the General Conference which met at Memphis, Tenn., in 1894, and was again appointed to the Committee on Episcopacy.

The fraternal messengers from the Methodist Episcopal Church were Dr. John F. Goucher and Dr. Henry Wade Rogers, the latter a distinguished layman and now a United States circuit judge. Both spoke admirably and elicited much applause. Dr. Rogers fairly brought down the house with the categorical affirmation that the act of the Southern Conferences in organizing a General Conference in 1844-46 was an act, not of *secession*, but of separation. It is worth noting in this connection that not one of the papers of his Church approved his utterance and that not one of his successors has ever since ventured to make a similar concession.

This was the fifth and last General Conference that Dr. Morton attended. Although he was also elected at the head of the Louisville Conference delegation to the General Conference of 1898, he died a little while before it convened. He was not expecting to reach the end of his journey for many years, nor did anybody else suppose that he would soon be called away. Going back home, he took up his customary round of duties as Church Extension Secretary, which had become very familiar to him, and hoped, no doubt, to accomplish

still greater things for the Church than he had yet done. There was no slackening of his gait. For the next three years he kept always going and always with great thoughts fermenting in his mind. The Conferences rallied to him with increasing enthusiasm. He had become a central and commanding figure among his brethren. It is my deliberate judgment that at this time he was the most influential man, minister or layman, in the Church. What he said on any subject went a great way. What David Morton fully approved and supported was more than likely to be enacted into law, and what he opposed was pretty sure to be voted down. His influence as a legislator became constantly larger and stronger. At the time of his death he was in this respect probably the most potent man in the Church, the one whose word counted most in the determination of policies and swayed most deeply the convictions and actions of his brethren who came up with him to the quadrennial gatherings.

CHAPTER VII.

PRESIDING ELDER—EAST AND WEST.

ONE of the strangest things in Mr. Morton's career is the fact that he waited for twenty years after entering the itinerancy before being called to the presiding eldership. For those who knew him in his maturity it always seemed that both nature and grace had eminently fitted him for that office. There must have been some special reason for the delay in his advancement. My guess is—and it is somewhat more than a mere guess—that he was held back for several years because he was so obviously and imperatively needed in the field of education. It is made perfectly clear in the foregoing pages that, but for his wise, persistent, and useful labors for Logan Female College, it would have met the same fate which came to so many other Methodist schools in Kentucky.

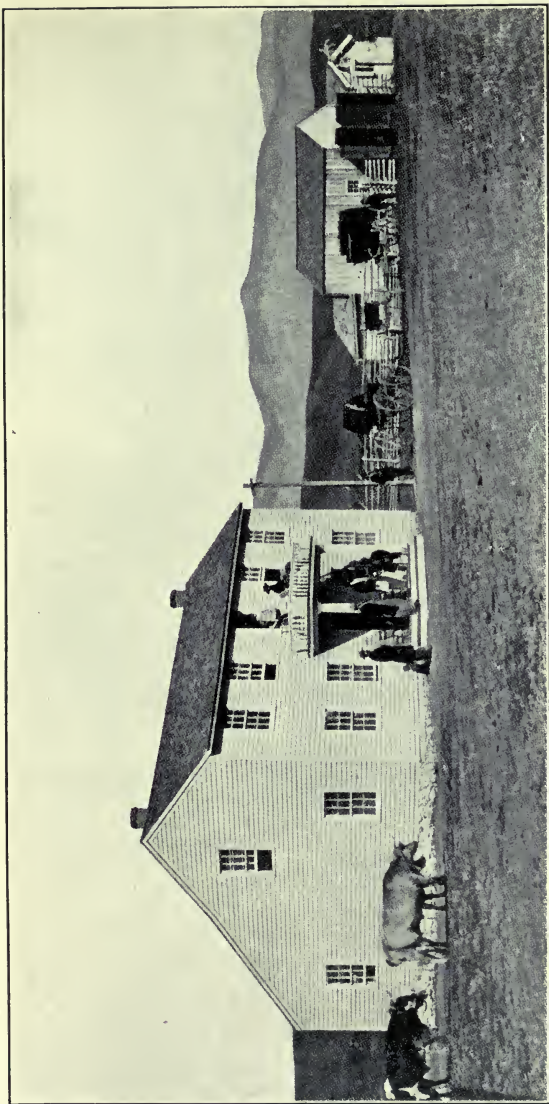
But by 1873 his task as President and Financial Agent was so well advanced that the presiding bishop concluded that he could be spared for the headship of the Russellville District and accordingly placed him in that position. It already must have occurred to every reader of this biography that Russellville was one of the fixed centers of his life. He was born there, con-

verted there, licensed to preach there, sent up thence to the Annual Conference, and sent back thither to the college. And now he was to begin his presiding eldership there. Already he knew the community and the country round about as few other men ever knew them. If he had been dropped down by night at any place in his district, it would not have taken him long to find out just where he was.

As intimated above, he was no mere "prentice hand" in his new office. He knew in advance what its duties and responsibilities were likely to be; and he had, moreover, an unusual capacity for discharging them. To begin with, he was a strong, deliberate, and effective preacher, knowing and loving the essential doctrines of Methodism, and able to set them clearly and effectively before the people. In familiarity with the Discipline of the Church—its letter and its spirit—nobody surpassed him. In the social circle he was a master and made an easy entry into all sorts of homes, mingling with the rich and intelligent without embarrassment and with the poor without offensive condescension. His quarterly meetings, especially on the circuits, were real occasions. When he came around, it meant that everything was going to move up, that the salaries of the preachers in charge were going to be increased and promptly paid, that the Conference collections were going to be fully secured, that religious

literature of all kinds was going to be widely circulated, and that the whole business of the Church was going to be conducted in a dignified and orderly way. It may be safely asserted that no interest of Methodism suffered under his supervision. He was alert, keen-eyed, swift-footed, taking cognizance both of the common needs of the Church and of special emergencies and organizing his forces so as to meet whatever conditions might arise. That he could easily have gone on without change for the full quadrennium is altogether certain.

But in 1876 the bishops determined to send a competent man to look over the field and report what the prospects for Southern Methodism really were in far-off Montana. During the Civil War the Rev. Learner B. Stateler and other Missouri Methodists, distressed by the unsettled conditions surrounding them, had courageously ventured to take their families and belongings into the very heart of the Rocky Mountains. They were diligent and thrifty people and prospered greatly in their new homes. Nor did they forget their duties to God. As far as possible they organized themselves into classes and kept up religious services. At the time of which I am writing the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, had several churches and about four hundred members among them. But they needed reënforcement in many ways, and especially in the



Old Whitehall, Montana.

Whitehall was one of the home stations on the old Overland stage road from Salt Lake City to Helena and Fort Benton. Major E. G. Brooks and wife were the proprietors until 1889 when the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad superseded the stage line. Bishops Marvin, Keener, Wightman and Hendrix all preached here. Here David Morton also preached and here he first stopped when he came to Montana in 1876 in a stage coach similar to the one shown in the picture. From here he started on his large district comprising the Territory of Montana, preaching his first sermon at Silver Star, a small mining camp twenty miles away.

matter of a suitable ministry. After due consideration Mr. Morton was selected by the bishops concerned to go thither, and gave his consent. He was accordingly transferred to the Denver Conference, which then included that entire region. In view of the long and difficult journey, he concluded to go alone and leave his wife and children to follow him after he should have surveyed the ground and provided some sort of home for them. To a man of his strong domestic instincts it was not easy to reach this conclusion, but he did not fully realize what it was going to cost him till he actually found himself so far away from his loved ones. Then his sense of loneliness at times almost overwhelmed him.

Crossing the plains and going into the heart of the Rocky Mountains is nowadays quite a commonplace matter. Forty years ago, however, it was still an event in a man's life, especially if he had never before been a great traveler. Mr. Morton took it very seriously and determined to make the most of it. Starting from home on August 17, 1876, he went by St. Louis, Kansas City, and Denver to Colorado Springs, where he met the Denver Conference, presided over by Bishop Marvin, and received a kindly welcome from the little band who were outposts on the far-flung battle line.

After the Conference was over, he took the back track to Denver. From that city he moved on by

Cheyenne and Ogden to Salt Lake City, spending a Sunday in the last-named place and picking up about as much general information there in two days as any other traveler did that ever entered the place. Returning to Ogden, a short distance away, he took a narrow-gauge railroad to Franklin, Idaho, which was quite a novelty to him, and made the last part of his journey to Helena, Montana, four hundred and fifty miles, on a stage. I do not feel called upon to apologize to my readers for reproducing here his own narrative of this wonderful jaunt through Utah, Idaho, and Montana. It shows what a close and intelligent observer he was of men and things:

My first sight of a narrow-gauge road prompted an impulse like that experienced by the boy when he first saw a steam ferryboat—I wanted to buy it and take it along. These roads are very cute and comfortable, make about twenty miles an hour, and are admirably suited to a mountain country. This one is very crooked, winding its way around the mountains, through the canyons, and over the gorges, gradually ascending till the terminus, Franklin, about eighty miles from Ogden, is reached.

Here you connect with a line of stages, the best equipped and managed I have ever seen, which is owned and operated by Gilmer & Salisbury, and runs direct to Helena, Montana, a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. There are connecting lines diverging from the main one at different points, by which every town of importance in Montana may be reached.

The old-fashioned Concord coaches, to which we were

accustomed in our boyhood, were used for a time ; but they were found too heavy and have been superseded by lighter wagons made especially for this line. One size of these carries nine passengers inside and three on top, besides the driver, and is drawn by four and six horses, the number of horses being determined by the size of the load and the condition of the road. In the large "boots" at each end of the wagon and on top an amount of freight, baggage, and mail matter, perfectly enormous, is carried. The United States mail for all Montana and all the travel done by public conveyance, except what goes by the Missouri River in the brief boating season, is taken by this line. Besides, the Wells and Fargo Express Company does all its business through it, carrying boxes, bundles, kegs, and sacks of merchandise and "treasure," consisting of coin, currency, gold dust, and bullion. Its cargo is usually in charge of "messengers," from one to four, as the value of the cargo and the exigencies of the particular part of the route require, who go around with revolvers and short double-barreled shotguns. At points where special danger from robbers is apprehended the road is patrolled by other messengers, who go before the stage on horseback.

Each passenger is limited to twenty-five pounds of baggage, must pay twenty-five cents a pound for all in excess of this weight, and must "settle" for self, about fourteen cents a mile, and baggage before either enters the coach.

I did not fully realize my obligation to Mr. Gilmer, the contractor, whom I had seen at Salt Lake City, for the pass he gave me until I found that it passed me and my baggage, about two hundred pounds, over the whole four hundred and fifty miles.

Six German hurdy-gurdy dancers, two express messengers, and myself made up our complement of passengers. Two of the women spoke a little broken English, the other four confining themselves to their own vernacular. One of the messengers, an Irishman, took charge of the ladies and managed to keep up a sort of desultory conversation, very like, I imagine, that of the Babel builders just after the confusion of their tongues. The other messenger, a native of Bardstown, Kentucky, and myself were seated together and soon knew each other pretty well through our mutual acquaintances. I found him a companionable and well-informed man, who had spent many years in his present business, and who gave me much valuable information about the country and the people of Montana.

As I was anxious to see the country, I spent the most of the day out with the drivers. They are crude fellows, using somewhat freely, when provoked by their teams, pretty vigorous English; but are masters of their business, faithful to their employers, and careful of the comfort and convenience of the passengers. In view of the hardships they endure, the risks they run, and the important public service they render, I have always thought that stage drivers were entitled to more consideration than they receive.

The "stands," where the horses are changed, are from twelve to sixteen miles apart, located generally in a village or near a ranch, but sometimes standing all alone in a great plain or at the base of a mountain. The stables are built of logs, which form sides, ends, and tops, the cracks being thoroughly "chinked" and "daubed," and the top covered with dirt to the depth of twelve or eighteen inches. They have all three apartments—for horses,

grain, and "stock tender"—and are very comfortable for man and beast, being warm and as well kept as a city livery stable. The stock tenders, except when their families live with them, do their own cooking and house work and are well fixed for plain living. The provender for the stock consists of grain, usually shelled oats, stored in the granary, and hay, always put up in a neat stack of novel construction just outside of the stable. Wells of water supplied with good pumps are in nearly every stable. The horses are mostly cayuses, a mixture of mustang pony and French Canadian, are small and of rather shaggy appearance, but very hardy. The teams are changed at every stand; the drivers, about every twelve hours. To my surprise, the traditional stage horn was not seen on the entire trip.

The road for two hundred and fifty miles, clear across the territory of Idaho, traverses vast plains and winds around the base of immense mountains and follows along the banks of long rivers and occasionally crosses a "range," conducting you through the most barren and doleful region I have ever seen. There are a few scattered settlements, an occasional village of two or three families, and one Indian agency on this part of the route. It is, however, strange to say, a fine natural road. The bed is dry and gravelly, the grade is nowhere steep, the streams are bridged or have beautiful fords, and mud or mire is unknown. On all this route we passed no hill so difficult of ascent as Duncan's sand hill, on the Morgantown road, nor so rough and rocky as the old Bowling Green road from Poindexter's to Freeman's. The dust is sometimes annoying, especially in the Snake River Valley, and several other places where it is so strongly impregnated with alkali as to give the ground a whitish ap-

pearance and to be very unpleasant when inhaled through mouth or nostrils. The weather when we passed was showery, and we escaped the annoyance.

After entering Montana, about two hundred miles before reaching Helena, the country is better. Numerous ranches in a good state of cultivation, mining towns, and neat villages are to be seen; and the timbered mountains, all green with forests of pine and cedar, are in striking contrast with the bleak region just left behind.

At the end of eighty-four hours of continued staging you find yourself in Helena, the capital and metropolis of Montana, and rejoice that the journey is ended and wonder how you have been able to stand such a ride with irregular meals and only so much sleep as you could catch in a sitting posture within a closely packed coach all the while in motion.

Mr. Morton had received from the bishop in charge a rather wide commission. To begin with, he was pastor of the Church at Helena, a task which by itself was enough to occupy the time of a full-grown man. The congregation was not large, but it embraced some of the best citizens of the place, and there was hope that with due diligence it might increase at least to the point of full self-support. To the local pastorate was added the presiding eldership of the district, which covered a territory much larger than that of most of the Annual Conferences and which it was necessary to travel either on horseback or by wheeled vehicle.

That any man could do all the work that needed to

be done in so immense an area was out of the question. But Mr. Morton did all that lay within his power, and that was more than most men would have done. After looking over Helena and getting his bearings there, a work in which he was exceedingly diligent, he started on his first round through the district. I shall again let him tell his own story:

A trip of three weeks, involving nearly four hundred miles of travel by coach, to the "West Side"—meaning the settled part of Montana west of Helena—gave me the opportunity of seeing some of the best farming country and some of the most picturesque portions of the territory.

Leaving Helena at 6:30 A.M. on a bright day, we were driven, in a little over an hour, across one edge of the Prickly Pear Valley and through a narrow canyon, a distance of eleven miles, to the base of the main range of the Rocky Mountains. Here it was politely suggested by the driver that he would be glad for us to "give him a lift," by which he meant that he would like for us to walk up the mountain side; and, not waiting till the horses were changed, we started on, leaving him to follow when ready. The road is an artificial one, having been graded by a stock company that charges toll. It winds around the mountain, gradually ascending for four miles, and conducting you to the summit at an elevation of several thousand feet above the base. The driver did not hurry, and we walked to the top. My legs, though more heavily taxed than some men's, met the demand by being rested occasionally and assured me that they were acting nobly in favoring the poor horses.

The road, for the most part, runs through a dense forest of pine trees with an occasional glade, whence you have a magnificent view of the valley below and of the towering peaks above. The walk, taken altogether, is inspiring. A man who had any poetry in him would, perhaps, have indited a few stanzas; but as I *non nascior poeta*, it inspired me chiefly with thirst, which I relieved with the aid of my leather cup at the mountain streams, which here and there dashed along the roadside.

Just at the summit we met a party of Flathead Indians—men, women, and children—mounted on ponies and carrying their camp equipage on pack horses, which were driven ahead by the women and children. They gazed and grinned and jabbered at us for a little while and were soon out of sight down the mountain side, gone on their annual buffalo hunt.

Our coachman was in a fine humor toward us for having walked all the way up and gave us an exhilarating drive down the other side and through a beautiful little valley to the "stand," where we had a capital dinner, served by a very pleasant lady, whose deaf husband seemed to take no interest in anything but collecting one dollar each from the passengers for what had been eaten.

The afternoon ride of about ten miles over the Dog Creek Hills, a succession of low, bare, rugged mountains, is neither inspiring nor exhilarating. Every poetic impulse engendered by the morning's trip is effectually suppressed by the ten miles. You can neither see whence you come nor whither you are going and feel for all the world that you are about to be smothered in a forest of big potato hills. The last ten miles of the day's ride, however, is down a gently inclined plain, which lands you at the beautiful little town of Deer Lodge, on Deer

Lodge River. This is every way the prettiest and most pleasant town I have seen in Montana. The site is level, streets wide and regularly laid out, houses neat, yards inviting. It has four or five hundred intelligent, refined, social, and pleasant people, many of whom are Kentuckians.

From the town you go down the Deer Lodge River, over the Yam Hills and Flint-Creek Hills, a duplicate of Dog Creek Hills, for about fifty miles, passing several mining camps, attractive only for the gold, which is found in large, remunerative amounts, till at McCarty's Bridge you enter Hellgate Canyon. This canyon severs one of the main ranges of the Rocky Mountains in twain and furnishes an outlet for the Hellgate River. It is nowhere over a mile wide, and in many places the mountains come to the water's edge. Through this pass the United States government has constructed a military road forty miles in length, which in many places is literally hewn out of the mountains and which is the great emigrant route to Oregon and the only post road in all this region—in fact, the only road over which a vehicle of any kind can pass. In many places the road, which averages about ten feet in width, is so steep that the teams ascend it with great difficulty and go down with almost railroad speed. On one side it is walled in by the mountains, and on the other are precipices, almost perpendicular, from ten to three hundred feet high.

I entered the canyon with the toothache, which soon assumed the form of an aggravated attack of neuralgia, extending throughout the head and entire spinal column and consigning me to a night of fearful torture, which I endured as best I could on a small, hard bed in an open room without fire.

At the lower end of this pass is the pleasant, pretty little town of Missoula, where I spent with kind friends a delightful Sabbath. The people of Missoula have built a neat little church, but have no preacher and enjoy greatly the ministrations of the itinerants who occasionally visit them. I will cheerfully go again through the canyon to meet the kind and appreciative people.

From Missoula I turned south and went up the Bitter Root Valley forty-five miles to Corvallis, where we held a quarterly meeting with the largest Southern Methodist congregation in Montana. This valley is about ten miles wide and lies on both sides of the Bitter Root River, a clear stream about two hundred yards wide, skirted on either bank for most of its length by pine groves of surpassing loveliness. The land is very fertile and the climate milder than any other in Montana, and hence a greater variety of farm products is raised here than anywhere else.

The return trip over the same route we had gone was made without noticeable occurrence, except that we encountered in the Dog Creek Hills a regular mountain snowstorm, which brought the thermometer below zero for about an hour, but gave us very little inconvenience, as we were in a closely curtained stage and were well wrapped in warm clothing and large buffalo robes. On the range the storm had abated; but the snow was about a foot deep, and we were glad enough to find ourselves at 8 P.M. in the warm dining room of the Cosmopolitan Hotel, in Helena, with a smoking supper on the table.

In the course of the year Mr. Morton not only visited every congregation of Southern Methodists in the Territory, but was a guest in nearly every Methodist

home. Nor did he confine his labors to his own people. While anything but a proselyter, he felt it his duty to carry the gospel to everybody that needed it and was willing to receive it at his hands. His evangelistic zeal took him into many communities in which there was no Methodist organization and few, if any, Methodists. Before the year was out, he knew Montana as well as any man could learn it in so short a time. Incidentally, he was elected chaplain of the Montana State Senate and served that body much to the satisfaction of its members during the whole session. The probability is that the most of them were Democrats and more or less constrained to vote for him by partisan considerations; but, for all that, they would not have chosen him, newcomer as he was, had he not possessed uncommonly attractive qualities. If he had been a politician, it would have been difficult to defeat him in any contest before a mixed constituency.

With L. B. Stateler, E. J. Stanley, and the few other preachers that labored alongside of him he became affectionately intimate; and with such laymen as A. G. Clarke, J. R. Boyce, and Abram H. Collett his relations were equally close. If the fruit of his toil did not at once appear, it showed itself largely in later years. First and last, and largely as the direct or indirect result of influences that he set to going, the little Montana Conference has put nearly fifty thousand dol-

lars into the permanent funds of the Church Extension Board. Though circumstances forced him to return East in May, 1877, he left his tracks behind him and retained a strong and permanent grip on the good will of the people with whom he had been associated. He also kept in his heart a warm place for them. At least four times in the course of his subsequent career he paid them lengthy visits, always with great joy to himself and to them.

At the session of the Conference which met in the city of Denver in August, 1877, though he had publicly announced his purpose to ask for a retransfer to the East, he was elected with virtual unanimity to represent the body in the General Conference which was to meet in Atlanta in May, 1878. His brethren rightly judged that no other man among them could serve their interests so well as he in the supreme legislature of the Church.

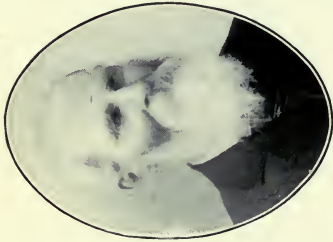
In his "Life of L. B. Stateler," Rev. E. J. Stanley speaks of Dr. Morton's work in Montana as follows: "He was wise in planning, prompt and energetic in execution, and careful in looking after the details—the little things, so called—of life. By his wisely directed efforts the last installment of the debt that had hung as a mighty incubus over the church building in Helena so long was paid off, although he rented the audience room overhead to the State legislature during one of



Rev. L. B. Stateler
Mrs. L. B. Stateler



Major E. G. Brooks
Mrs. E. G. Brooks



Mr. Abraham Collett
Mrs. Abraham Collett



Mr. A. G. Clark
Mrs. A. G. Clark



its sessions for a handsome sum, while he roomed and preached in the basement in order to do so. It was of this experience that he remarked humorously to his friends that 'a Methodist preacher with hell beneath his feet and a Montana legislature between him and heaven was surely in a precarious position.' "

When Mr. Morton got back to Kentucky, he was appointed educational agent for one year; and in the fall of 1878 he was sent to Elkton Circuit, which he had served under such difficult conditions during the war and of which, in spite of a few disagreeable incidents, he cherished always the most pleasant memories. This time there was nothing in his way. The bitter feelings engendered by the war had all abated. His old friends rallied to his help, and new ones multiplied about him. In every particular he had a good year; and as far as the wishes of the circuit were concerned, he could have stayed on indefinitely. But there was a larger work for him to do, and the Church could scarcely afford to spare him from more difficult and important service.

At the end of 1879, the Louisville District being open, Mr. Morton was sent thither as presiding elder. The feeling had become general that he was equal to the largest responsibilities that his Conference offered, and nobody was surprised when he was singled out and set over the metropolitan district. The results fully vindicated the wisdom of the appointment. He had

never before failed to measure up to any opportunity that the Church had given him, and he did not do so now. In the city as well as in the country he showed the gifts of a wise leader and administrator. One of his best friends says :

The years on this district were years of hard work planning for the future needs of Methodism in a great and growing city. He seemed to have almost a prophetic judgment of the course to pursue ; and now, thirty years later, the wisdom of his policies is fully shown.

Louisville became a sort of second home to him, taking a place in his affections similar to that which Russellville had long held. It was not a great while till he was widely acquainted with all classes of its citizenship, from the lowest to the highest. His breadth of spirit was well illustrated by the range of friendship which he formed with the ministers of all the Churches, Protestant and Catholic. Nor did he stop there. He drew to him the most distinguished lawyers, politicians, doctors, men of letters, editors, and reporters and became the friend and almost the chum of the newsboys and the bootblacks. In the course of time it came to pass that he could scarcely pass along a street without being accosted by somebody that had a pleasant word to say to him. I once went with him around the public places and buildings of the city and was amazed to find him on the most easy and agreeable

terms with so many different sorts of people. Among other resorts to which he took me was the Filson Club, headquarters of the Kentucky Historical Society. While there he conversed with Col. R. T. Durrett, famous among all Kentuckians for his historical researches, and showed a minuteness of acquaintance with all matters of State tradition and history that was truly surprising. I have heard, moreover, that he could hobnob on equal and easy terms with Henry Watterson himself. I doubt, in fact, if he would not have been welcomed as an acquaintance and friend by almost any man of ability and character in the commonwealth.

It was while Mr. Morton was presiding elder of the Louisville District that another great honor came to him. Though the matter had been talked about here and there for many years, it was not till 1881 that the first Ecumenical Methodist Conference was actually convened in City Road Church, London, England. In the eyes of Methodist people throughout the world, it attracted great attention. Thirty-eight of the three hundred delegates were assigned to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and these were to be named by the College of Bishops. The following letter, of date July 1, 1880, from Bishop H. N. McTyeire, will be read with interest. It is characteristic of the writer and shows in what respect Mr. Morton was held by him and his colleagues:

DAVID MORTON

Dear Brother Morton: Among the "thirty-eight," the College of Bishops have named you as a delegate to the *Ecumenical Conference*. You were very generous in recommending many of your brethren, clerical and lay, for this duty and honor. They are such men as approve your good judgment. But the bishops took you and said that you must get ready to go and answer when the roll call of *Universal Methodism* is made at City Road. It gives me very great pleasure to give you this notice of your election, and I trust that I shall *soon* receive your formal acceptance of your appointment.

Yours very truly,

H. N. McTYEIRE.

It is doubtful whether any single event in Mr. Morton's life ever brought him greater satisfaction than this invitation to cross the sea and foregather with his brethren from the different parts of the world. The voyage itself was somewhat tempestuous, especially on the return trip, but there were no other drawbacks. The large number of new and delightful acquaintances which he formed, the strange and unfamiliar scenes of the Old World, and the proceedings of the Conference itself, all served to enlarge and enrich his mind and furnish him with a store of material to be drawn upon by his memory in future years. Whatever the other delegates got from it, the whole occasion, he certainly got much. On his return home he was asked by the Ministers' Association of Louisville to deliver a formal address before that body on the Conference and con-

nected themes. He complied with the request, speaking for more than an hour. Even now it is possible to read the printed report of his remarks with great interest. He was a profoundly serious man, but always with his seriousness there was a keen and delicious humor that rarely failed to see everything that was ludicrous or amusing in a situation. A few paragraphs may well be inserted here to illustrate what I mean. *Inter alia*, he said:

While it cannot be claimed that the program was perfect, it will not be denied that it embraced a wide range of important topics directly connected with the most vital interests of Methodism and of Christianity, whose consideration will set in motion influences that will be felt hereafter.

Some of these essays are very able and will be read and reread in the printed volumes of the transactions of the Conference and take rank among the best State papers of the Church. Others will attract less attention. Many of the invited speeches were very good, while others went wide of the mark.

Among the best productions of the Conference were some of the volunteer speeches, but the authors of these and their friends will be sorry to see them in print. In these speeches will be found certain anachronisms which will both surprise and amuse. They came about thus: One would make a desperate effort to get the floor to-day and fail, but would succeed to-morrow and make a speech on the topic of yesterday. These made me think of the cab driver who, in trying to find for me the place of Mr. Wesley's conversion, insisted that he was

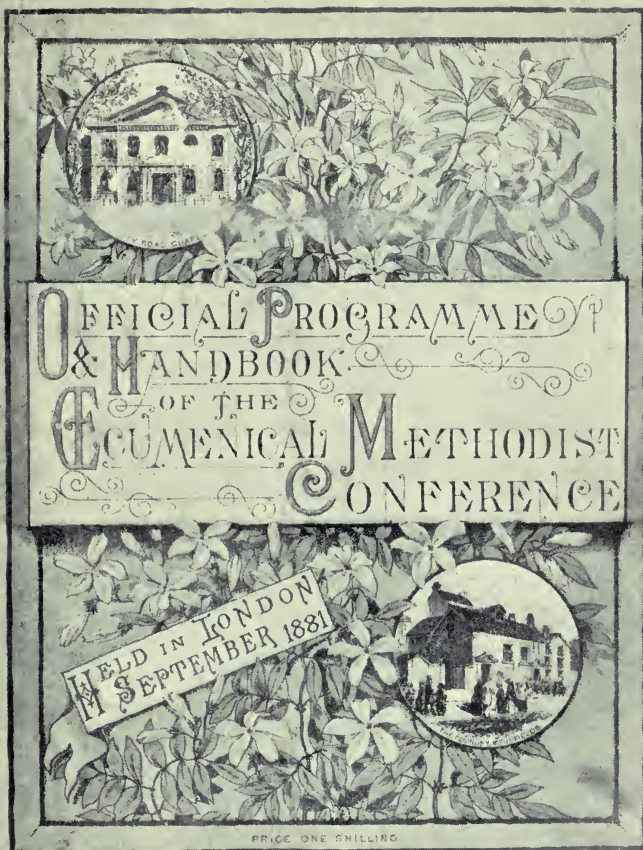
"the gentleman brought in by the Young Men's Christian Association" and that their hall was the place I wished to see.

The Conference was presided over by a different man each day, no one being in the chair oftener than once. This circumstance and the size of the body made the presidency no easy task; for who in a day's time could possibly so learn three hundred names as properly to recognize the speakers? And when there was such a contest for the floor this was an important item.

The difficulty suggested the rule requiring each speaker to call his own name and state his Church relations on gaining the floor. The audience would smile audibly whenever the well-known and distinguished ex-President of the British Conference would rise and gravely say: "My name is Jenkins, and I belong to the Wesleyan Methodist Church."

Great confusion in calling and printing names occurred in spite of all precautions. One of the ablest essays submitted was credited to an eminent American professor instead of to the excellent English brother by whom it was read. A capital speech made by my friend, the Hon. Thomas Moorman, of South Carolina, was generously placed to my account.

Bishop McTyeire was the victim of all sorts of misnomers, being successively called Bishop Holland, Bishop Tyeire, Bishop McLean, and announced from South America and the South American States. One plain layman at least was set down as a reverend and assigned to pulpit duty on the Conference Sunday. An announcement of an after meeting at Newcastle-on-Tyne gravely stated that among the speakers were Rev. G. R. Crooks and Prof. Drew Timany, and some of the Wesleyan



First Ecumenical Conference

A fac simile of the title page of the Program of the first Ecumenical Conference held in London in 1881. The upper house is City Road Chapel where this Conference met. The lower house is the Foundry. David Morton was sent to this Conference as a delegate by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

brethren are inquiring who Brother Timany is and have found out that he is a theological institution in New Jersey.

Great deference is paid among the Wesleyans to age and position, large liberty in debate and other special privileges being accorded to the seniors and doctors, and this spirit soon manifested itself in the Conference. The current which had strongly set in that direction met a sudden check in the rulings of Bishop Peck, who enforced inflexibly the rule limiting the time of the speakers and established a precedent which was adhered to for the rest of the session. Some laughable stops were the result. One venerable and distinguished brother begged piteously for five minutes more to finish the essay which had been for months in preparation, but was reminded that "his ample and lengthened experience would enable him to set an example which all should follow"; while another, who was cut short in the middle of a word, was told that "his words were so weighty as to be susceptible of division without detriment." Still another, who was in the midst of a grave discussion, had just announced the sentence, "Here we meet a barrier," and was seated so suddenly by the bell that a roar of laughter convulsed the Conference.

One of the most touching episodes of the Conference was the presentation by Bishop McTyeire of the letter of Samuel Checote, the Indian presiding elder of the Muscogee Nation, who, though appointed a delegate, was unable to come and wrote. The letter was a remarkable paper and well deserves the place it will fill in the Conference proceedings, but is especially interesting as emanating from a descendant of the race and of the very tribe to preach to whom the Wesleys crossed over the seas. The

white man, the black man, the yellow man, the brown man had been heard from; and now the red man sends a feeble but lutelike note across the great waters "to thank God that the Indians were among the number greatly benefited by Methodism."

Throughout the Conference the colored delegates received marked attention. It is said that they were asked for in advance as guests by the best families; and it is certain that they were entertained in fine style, the most perfect social equality being accorded them on all occasions. By the rules of the Conference they had an exactly even chance with the rest of us, but with the galleries and lobby they were clearly above par. Whenever one of them spoke, or tried to do so, there was no mistaking the wishes of the audience that he should be heard; and several times, when favorites seemed desirous to remain silent, they were compelled to talk. In the main, their speeches were sensible, conciliatory, and in good taste. Some were sprightly and others really able.

To my mind, there was no clearer nor more forcible statement of "the conclusion of the whole matter" than that contained in the speech of Mr. Arthur, delivered on the last day of the session. He said: "People think that nothing particularly practical is being done in the Ecumenical Conference. They are only in the engine house, where there is not a spool being spun and not a web being woven and not a single tissue being dyed. There is nothing being done but generating power, and therefore there is nothing practical being done. Sir, below the sky the two most practical things are human thought and human feeling, and what you have been doing here is making large thoughts and holy feelings; and what is practically being done is that the large man is becoming larger

and the small man is becoming less small, that here the broad man is becoming broader and the narrow man less narrow, and that here the lonely and isolated preacher is, somehow or other, being unconsciously attracted to others so that, after all, he feels that they are more like him than he thought they could be. That is the practical thing. And what will come out of it? Neither you nor I, sir, can tell, not the longest head here can tell, not the wisest body here can tell what will come out of it. God knows what will come out of it. Good will come out of it; the glory of God will come out of it; peace among men will come out of it; new power to preach Christ will come out of it; new consciousness that we are working with brethren and among brethren will come out of it; free union to scattered branches will come out of it. Let it come naturally and quietly."

Mr. Morton had a high sense of the value of history and of the debt we owe to those who have lived and worked in the past. He was an enthusiastic student in genealogy and preserved with great care the records of his ancestors. Not only so, but his addresses and funeral sermons abound with biographical data of the most valuable kind. He was a collector of rare historical books, which he prized highly. For many years he was an active member of the Filson Club, of Louisville, which is much more than the historical society of Kentucky, as it has labored in the field concerned with the pioneer history of the South and the Middle West. The original documents in the possession of this society are priceless. Mr. Morton was the founder of the

Historical Society of the Louisville Conference. He spent many years and considerable money in the collection of complete sets of the Discipline, of the Journals of the General Conferences, of the Minutes of the Louisville Conference, and of other historical records of American Methodism. Of his work in this connection, Dr. Gross Alexander has written thus:

He had the greatest reverence for the self-denying men and women who wrought for us in the past and who handed down to us the rich heritage which we enjoy in the present. He felt that their names should be rescued from oblivion and held in grateful remembrance and honor. He discerned that the existence of such a society, with its systematic work of research, would furnish the most effective guarantee of the collection and preservation of the facts, processes, and lessons of our past history. And already his wisdom has been justified in the interest we are now taking in our past history and in all the records, reminiscences, and relics which bear upon it. Shortly before his death he thought we needed two large iron safes, one for the archives of the Conference and one for the papers and treasures of the Conference Historical Society. Nobody saw where these expensive articles were to come from or how they were to be gotten. But he set his head, went to work, and soon the safes were bought, paid for, and in place.

The business sagacity of David Morton was recognized by his fellow preachers during his entire ministry, and he was constantly called upon to finance the enterprises of the Conference. Among these was the

Preachers' Aid Society of the Louisville Conference. This society had for its object the financial aid of its worn-out members who had seen a lifetime of hard service and at the end of their careers were unable to provide for themselves. A fund was created and the interest therefrom used for this purpose, the principal never being touched. This was a sacred trust. The management of this money was placed in the hands of David Morton; and his letter of resignation, which follows, shows how faithfully it was executed :

I was elected the Treasurer of your society in October, 1864, and have held the office by reëlection continuously since, with the exception of the year 1876-77, when I was a member of the Denver Conference. At the time of my election the entire assets of the society consisted of two notes on hand, amounting to the sum of \$2,646.90. To this capital we have added during these twenty-one years by one legacy, \$894.88; by annual subscriptions of members, \$2,997.10; by anniversary collections, \$2,899.50; and by a few special donations and by reinvestment of interest until the capital at present amounts to \$16,375.25. No loss of capital has ever been sustained except on four Muhlenberg County bonds of \$100 each, which cost \$320 and were sold for \$145.55, entailing a loss of \$174.45. There has been disbursed to claimants during this time \$8,613.85. This showing not only sets forth what has been done, but indicates what may be accomplished by a steady adherence to the methods which have heretofore been pursued by the society. If to these plans for raising money some other plan could be added, simple and inex-

pensive, by which the matter could be regularly brought to the attention of the Church at large in our bounds, a much more rapid increase of capital might be accomplished. If the members of our Church were only informed as to what we have done and what we propose, we feel sure that many would gladly give to this cause of which they have not so much as heard. I feel deeply grateful to the society for the confidence it has so long reposed in me by electing me twenty-one times to the most responsible position at its disposal; but in view of my connectional work, with which the duties of this place to some extent interfere, and actuated by a desire to be relieved of the graver responsibilities which the office of Treasurer imposes, I respectfully tender my resignation as your Treasurer and request your immediate acceptance of the same.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHURCH EXTENSION SECRETARY.

MR. MORTON was sent to Montana in 1876 by the bishops, as stated in the preceding chapter, for the purpose of studying the needs of the Church in the Northwest, as well as the outlook for its future in that important and rapidly developing pioneer section of the United States. Thither had gone many Southern people, hoping to regain in this new country their fortunes lost by the vicissitudes of war. Many of them were Methodists and had organized Sunday schools and Churches and were appealing to the mother Church to send over into Macedonia and help them. It was intended that Mr. Morton, as a result of his observations, should report what Church policy was advisable, retirement from the field or a more extended occupation. His decision was for the latter, and from it he never swerved during the remainder of his life. He not only advocated this policy, but, as usual with him when convinced of the righteousness of a cause, pointed out a constructive plan by which it could be made possible. Among other things necessary to be done, he maintained that the building of churches was the most important, if permanent occupancy was to result from the self-sacrificing work of the ministers who labored in

that far-away field. He had seen many instances in Montana where hard pioneering work had been done by our preachers that failed of lasting results. A nucleus of members would be gathered together and a start for a permanent congregation made, the only meeting place being the various homes of the members, who were too poor to build a church, struggling, as they were, to establish themselves in a new country. As a result the community at large had no faith in the permanency of such a society and needed to be convinced of its vitality by visible evidence in the form of a church building. The little bands first gathered together had belonged to the mother Church before coming West. This common tie served to hold each little group together for a time, but the society thus composed could not project itself upon the community at large and extend the Kingdom of Heaven among the irreligious without a public place of gathering at which divine worship could be held and religious revivals conducted. The erection of such a building always gave the Church a position of greater respect and influence in the community. Mr. Morton pointed out that these things were true not only of Montana, but of all the work of the West and, in fact, wherever missionary money was expended. He affirmed that the only remedy for the condition throughout the Church was the



The First Office of the Board of Church Extension

The first office of the Board of Church Extension was at number 520 West Chestnut Street, Louisville, Ky., in the home of Doctor Morton, the office occupying the down stairs front room only. The picture shows the house as it appeared in 1915 somewhat remodeled and occupied as a place of business. At a meeting held here on June 24th, 1882, the Board was organized.

organization of a church-building department connectional in its scope.

Mr. Morton returned to Kentucky after completing his mission in Montana with these ideas firmly rooted in his mind. He lost no time in laying them before Bishop McTyeire, who acquiesced in them fully and became their advocate ever after in the College of Bishops and throughout the Church. It seemed evident from the beginning that this movement for systematic church-building, whenever inaugurated, must be a connectional one, the whole Church lending its aid to homeless congregations unable by themselves to build houses of worship.

It must be remembered that at this time and before, when a church was to be built, the society itself must first raise all the money possible from among its own members, then solicit funds from the community at large, and then appeal to other neighboring Methodist congregations and individuals. We have seen in a former chapter how Mr. Morton, when a young pastor at Bardstown, Kentucky, in an old settled community, had found the resources of his little congregation inadequate to such a task and, mounting his horse, had traveled over the southern section of the Louisville Conference canvassing for money among his friends and acquaintances and Methodists in general. Each congregation had to work out for itself, without advice or

counsel or financial help from the Church at large, the problem of its own house of worship. And this applied not only to the West, but to all sections. In the West, however, the difficulties to be overcome were infinitely greater than elsewhere.

The General Conference of 1878 followed close upon the heels of Mr. Morton's Montana mission and found this new movement for a church-building department in the Church in its infancy. Mr. Morton was a member of this Conference and used the opportunity it presented to extend his views regarding the policy of church-building and the occupancy of the West by our Church among the delegates present. The friends of the cause had not developed plans sufficiently mature to present to the General Conference for adoption, nor was the Church sufficiently informed for definite action. Enough of the leading men of the Church, however, were convinced of the necessity for such a department of Church work to form a nucleus for the spread of the propaganda.

Bishop Marvin's death, on November 19, 1877, was a great personal bereavement to Mr. Morton, and the loss of his counsel and help was greatly felt by all those interested in this new cause. Bishop Marvin, with Bishop McTyeire, had been instrumental in sending Mr. Morton to Montana and had given him his final instructions. On the way to Montana Mr. Morton

was a guest at Bishop Marvin's home, in St. Louis. He accompanied Bishop Marvin to Colorado Springs, where the Denver Conference was held, and was appointed by him at that Conference to the Montana District. It was from this Conference that Bishop Marvin started on his missionary tour around the world, accompanied by Rev. E. R. Hendrix (afterwards Bishop Hendrix). Bishop Marvin was inclined to poke a little fun at his tenderfoot traveling companion from Kentucky, who had never before been West, for in one of his letters he says:

My Kentucky friend saw the biggest fields of corn he had ever seen. Some of the fields were miles and miles in extent. Wednesday morning found us fairly out upon the plains. That day constituted an epoch in the life of my traveling companion. He saw more new things than he had ever seen before, if you except the first year he spent in the world. He saw the buffalo grass, the windmills, the prairie dogs, the antelope, the grasshopper, the plains, Denver, and the Rocky Mountains. It was a grand day.

During the next four years Mr. Morton never lost his enthusiasm for the new Church enterprise, but pondered over it, discussed it whenever an opportunity offered with the leading men of the Church, and matured in his own mind the fundamental principles on which definite action should be based. During his pastorate at Elkton and while presiding elder of the Louis-

ville District the subject was ever with him. He talked about it, wrote about it, and investigated the church extension methods adopted by other Churches to meet the same problem. At a later date, when he had become Secretary of the new Board of Church Extension, he publicly acknowledged in his first annual report the benefits secured from studying the achievements of other Churches. He made frequent visits to Bishop McTyeire at Nashville, who always gave him a sympathetic hearing and for whom he always had the profoundest regard and love. He really became obsessed with his subject and thoroughly convinced that it was his duty to promote it by all possible means.

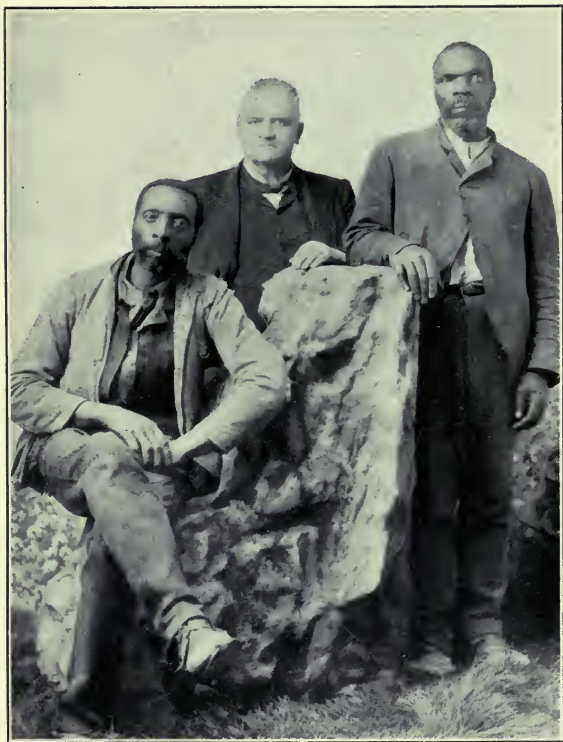
As the result of the work of those interested, it is readily understood that during the quadrennium that immediately preceded the General Conference of 1882 there was no little discussion in the Church press and elsewhere concerning the necessity for a General Board of Church Extension to supplement the work of the Board of Missions and to give material help in the building of suitable houses of worship in both home and foreign fields. Many of the wisest leaders gave it their hearty approval; while there were others not a few who vigorously opposed it, saying that it was simply another step in the over-organization of the Church and that it meant the saddling of the already burdened pastors with the taking of an additional collection from

reluctant congregations. The arguments were not all on one side. Sentiment in the West was strongly for the new movement; and in 1881 the Montana Conference went so far as to organize a Conference Board of Church Extension for the purpose of facilitating the building of churches within the bounds of that Conference. This action was taken at the suggestion of Rev. E. J. Stanley. Mr. Stanley was an able and eloquent advocate for an organized movement in behalf of Church Extension and contributed no little to its inauguration by his stirring appeals through the Church papers. After this the Denver Conference also organized a society of its own, and there was stirring in the tree tops of Kentucky and Missouri.

But when the General Conference met on May 3, 1882, at Nashville, Tennessee, it was promptly moved that a committee be appointed, consisting of one member from each Annual Conference, to be called the Committee on Church Extension. The motion prevailed, and the committee was appointed along with the other standing committees. On May 17 it submitted a report, the consideration of which was begun by the Conference on May 17 and which, after sundry amendments, was finally adopted on May 22. This report provided for the creation of a board and also prescribed the method of organizing it. On May 23 the following gentlemen were named as managers: W. T.

Harris, C. I. Vandeventer, J. C. Morris, W. F. Compton, C. D. Shands, J. H. Carlisle, F. B. Carroll, H. C. Settle, Joseph Emery, C. E. Brown, C. B. Seymour, James G. Carter, and J. C. Woodward. After a few weeks C. B. Seymour and J. C. Woodward resigned, and C. S. Grubbs and John L. Wheat were put in their places. The bishops of the Church were all named as *ex officio* members. James S. Lithgow was elected President; Presley Meguiar, Vice President; John W. Proctor, Treasurer; and David Morton, Corresponding Secretary.

The most significant of all these preliminary steps was the naming of David Morton to the secretaryship. When it is stated that Mr. Morton was not a member of the General Conference that thus elected him, his selection is worthy of still greater remark and makes it perfectly apparent that he had reached that point in his career where his reputation was connectional. Several other gentlemen, good and eloquent men, aspired to the place; but not one of them had the special qualifications for it that he possessed. Bishop McTyeire had discerned this fact in advance and had said to him: "Morton, you are the man." It is scarcely correct to say that his word was prophetic. It was simply the sound judgment of one who knew what he was talking about. But it cannot be superstitious to declare



We Were Boys Together

David Morton between two of his childhood playmates, former slaves of his father. Ned Morton is standing, Dick Morton is sitting. When David Morton died these colored men dug his grave and buried him.

that Providence guided the electors in casting their ballots.

When Mr. Morton entered upon his office, he had nothing but the authority of the Church with which to start. Two great tasks lay before him: First, to organize his office; and, second, to secure funds for carrying out the enterprise in hand. Neither of these tasks was light. If his business capacity had been smaller, he would have failed. But he knew how to begin intelligently, and in less than a year he had everything running on definite schedules. Not for one day did he dream of going at things irregularly or in helter-skelter fashion. I am sure that a close examination of all books and records would fail to discover even the slightest trace of disorder or lack of proper methods in his administration. The charter which he obtained from the Kentucky Legislature, and which was drawn up under his eye, if not by his hand, is an ideal one. When the Commission on Charters appointed by the General Conference of 1914 went through it a few months ago, it did not find a single defect in it nor make a single suggestion in the way of altering and improving it.

Besides inaugurating his office system, Mr. Morton had enough work on the outside to occupy the full time of half a dozen men. The new movement had to encounter a good deal of criticism and opposition even

after it had been adopted by the General Conference. There were many men—good men, too—in various parts of the Church who had no great interest in it and who were inclined to look upon it with indifference even when they did not directly antagonize it. To deal with everybody so as to convert direct antagonism into active and cordial support required energy, good sense, and a most conciliatory spirit. Mr. Morton, however, believed that in time he could do it. This was no egotism on his part. He had simply taken the measure of his capacity and knew what it was. To one of his friends he said: "I have been in the habit of succeeding." And so he began the tour of the Annual Conferences and kept it up almost without slackening for the next sixteen years. It was not unusual for him to visit as many as fifteen or twenty a year. In the course of time he was, perhaps, more thoroughly familiar with them than any man that ever held a connectional position in the Church. As a speaker he acquired great popularity. For one thing, he was usually brief, not wandering over the universe in general, but sticking closely to his own business and dealing with that in a very illuminating fashion. If at any time his audience gave signs of listlessness, he knew exactly how to wake them up by injecting a lively story or a humorous illustration. His private intercourse with the members of the Conference helped him mightily in his public func-

tions. He was one connectional officer whose coming was not dreaded, but welcomed. Nor did he stop with the Conference. Whenever his presence was specially called for, no matter what the cost of time and energy, he was pretty sure to be there. What is of much greater importance, moreover, is the fact that he always counted for something when he got there. He was always eager to learn and glad to teach. Besides his official visitations to Annual and District Conferences, he was constantly on the lookout for individual men and women who were likely to be helpful to the cause in which he was interested. The number of private homes into which he entered in pursuance of his work is almost beyond belief. But active as he was in all these respects, he never lowered himself to the level of a mere beggar or solicitor. It was not in him at any time to forfeit his self-respect nor to degrade his Church by putting on the cringing manners of a mendicant. The people with whom he did business came to see that he was every inch a man; and usually they not only contributed to Church Extension, but also grew to be his warm personal friends, believing in the downright sincerity of his purpose and in the trustworthiness of his judgment.

During the year following the organization of the Board five called meetings were held, at none of which was there a very full attendance. The managers were

scattered over the whole Church, and the expense of traveling was too great to justify them in all coming together when business needed attention. Fortunately, the local managers—such men as Carter, Meguiar, Settle, Morris, and Wheat—were first-class business men and greatly consecrated to the work. Enough of them were always on hand to make a quorum. At the first annual meeting as many as fifteen appeared and took part in the proceedings.

Mr. Carter was a devoted and devout Methodist, a prominent business man of Louisville, and a wise adviser. He left his impress upon Louisville Methodism. The relations between him and Mr. Morton were those of close friendship. Mr. Meguiar was one of those staunch men who ring true to their convictions on all occasions, dependable, wise in counsel, ready to help financially whenever the need arose, consecrated to the Church, with a sympathetic appreciation of Mr. Morton's abilities and character. Between the two men there was a strong bond of friendship, beginning before the Civil War with the movement for a boys' school at Bowling Green, lasting through many years, and severed only by death. Mr. Wheat still lives. He and Mr. Morton were in many respects the opposite of each other, but they understood each other, and each believed in the other's fidelity to the Church; and for many years they planned and labored together in her

interest, maintaining all the while a mutual friendship of the highest type. This trio of business men played an important part in the work of Church Extension during the lifetime of Mr. Morton. They were true men laboring in a great cause.

The first annual report of the Secretary was brief and to the point. He called attention to the fact that he had attended during the year twenty-one Conferences, had traveled nearly twenty thousand miles in twenty-two States, two Territories, the District of Columbia, and the Republic of Mexico, and had seen nearly all the country occupied by his Church except the Pacific Slope. He further added that "at all of the Annual Conferences attended by the Secretary, and at a great many others, public meetings in the interest of Church Extension had been held, at which respectful and earnest attention was given to the speeches setting forth the methods and purposes of the Board, and some enthusiasm was excited."

As the assessment of fifty-five thousand dollars made upon the Church for the first year had reached the Annual Conference only a few months before the annual meeting, there was, of course, no money in the treasury from that source. But to meet some emergent issues in New Mexico about twenty-three hundred dollars had been raised by special collections and properly disbursed. Provision had been made for printing a series

of Church Extension tracts, and an arrangement had been entered into with the Board of Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church for purchasing from it at most reasonable figures plans and specifications for new churches.

These extracts call attention to the field work of the Secretary, which was of equal importance with that of the office work. This was not only true in the beginning, but remained so year after year. The whole Church not only needed to be informed and interested, in the first place, but it must be kept so. The thousands of preachers and tens of thousands of members needed to be reminded of the aims and purposes of Church Extension. It was not work that could be done once and then dropped. Every year a campaign of education and interest was necessary in order to bring the Church to realize the necessity for meeting the assessments. This was accomplished through the pulpit, the platform, mass meetings, parlor conferences, the religious press, and a literary bureau. Leaflets, maps, reports, and other forms of literature were printed by tens of thousands and scattered throughout the Church. All this required the presence of the Secretary at many places, and during his sixteen years of service he traveled thousands of miles in the South and West annually. These trips often covered weeks of time. Economy in traveling was always

practiced. Mr. Morton was so impressed with the need for money in the actual work of building churches that he could not bear to see it spent otherwise, if possible to avoid, and he was willing to endure personal inconvenience to accomplish this end. Perhaps he did not save his strength and conserve his health while undergoing these discomforts of travel, but his conduct in these matters shows his entire devotion to the cause for which he labored. When starting on a long trip involving several days of continuous travel before reaching his destination, it was his custom to carry a lunch basket prepared by Mrs. Morton, containing sufficient food to last until the journey's end. Dining cars were expensive luxuries in those days. These lunch baskets were matters of serious thought and preparation. Inasmuch as Mr. Morton was almost certain to find some other Church official on the train traveling to the same destination, provision was made for more than one, and from the interior of his basket many bishops and other connectional officers were served who otherwise would have gone hungry owing to the vicissitudes of travel. The lunch basket became with him a regular institution, especially in the early years of Church Extension, when the eating arrangements of the railroads were very poor compared with the well-regulated commissary departments of the present day. At one time he and Bishop McTyeire traveled in company to Cali-

fornia. On this trip the basket contained a home-cured ham of a Kentucky shoat and other things in proportion. The Bishop did full justice to the edibles provided and expressed his satisfaction at the journey's end. Mr. Morton avoided the sleeping car on many of his trips and, with a rubber air pillow and a blanket shawl, would spend the night in the day coach.

His capacity for detail was shown in the preparation of his itineraries. From the railroad time tables he would prepare a schedule showing his time of arrival and departure at every stop he intended making on a tour of several weeks' duration. He studied out the different railroads by which he could reach a given point and selected that one which offered the least mileage and the quickest time and which gave him the best connections with other roads. Every trip was planned with an eye to economy in time and money, and so explicit was the plan that the office knew where he was and could reach him by wire at any time. It was truly remarkable how literally he carried out these schedules involving journeys of thousands of miles and weeks of time. He rarely failed to return home on the day designated before beginning his journey. He would then tell how every appointment had been kept to the minute. He was never in a serious railroad wreck, nor did he ever sustain an injury of even a slight nature. He believed that God watched over and protected him.



The First Church Aided by the Board of Church Extension

On November 11th, 1882, the Board of Church Extension paid its first grant, the recipient being the church at Socorro, New Mexico. This congregation had no church building, services being held on the plaza by the Pastor, Doctor Tandy, who started the fund for a building but died soon after. He was succeeded by Rev. James D. Bush, who carried the work to a successful conclusion. The congregation was prosperous until 1893, when the closing of the smelters resulted in the scattering of the membership to other towns, until finally only one family was left. The pews, pulpit, books and organ were moved to Kelly. The picture shows the old building in 1915 serving the purpose of a warehouse.

A great many of the letters which he wrote for the papers during his travels as Secretary of the Board are abundantly worth reading. In 1896 he made, in company with Bishop Joseph S. Key, a trip to Mexico—as he had made one before, in 1888—and had a long and instructive interview with President Diaz, besides giving careful attention to the work of missions in the Republic. In 1897 he went to Montana on business of a different sort. His account of this latter visit is so characteristic of him that I reproduce it here in full:

Chasing cayuse ponies over the hills and plains of Northern Montana is not one of the written duties appertaining to my office, and yet in the general “round-up” of my work for the quadrennium I have found this among my obligations. At the last meeting of our Board I reported as part of its assets the remnant of a herd of horses, given us several years ago by the venerable and now deceased Rev. L. B. Stateler, and was directed to dispose of them as soon as might be on the best terms possible. They were running on a public domain in Teton County, Montana, on the borders of British America, and in charge of a ranchman whose correspondence with me was so discouraging that I sent a man from Louisville, who had spent several years in the West and was an expert in handling horses, to make a personal inspection and report. He represented them as scattered over many miles of distance, marked in several brands, as wild as zebras, diseased, delirious with fear whenever a man came in sight, and dangerous after they were run down by a relay of horses and caught with a lasso. I wrote him to hold the fort till I got there, and upon my arrival we im-

mediately instituted negotiations looking to the transfer of our title in the aforesaid herd to some one more anxious to own it than we were. I have never swapped horses in my life, an unusual experience for a Methodist preacher of my age in Kentucky, and in all the buying and selling I have done during a ministry of over forty years I have been a constant loser; but I had been told to "dispose" of this lot, and I resolved to obey instructions.

We were told that it would be well-nigh impossible to sell at any price, and a few attempts in that direction assured me that this statement was well-nigh true. Quotations were so low that I thought of shipping them East in search of a better market; but the rates by rail and the cost of driving forbade both plans. One man averred that he had sent one hundred picked horses from his band by a careful trader, who carried them, with numerous stops this side, to New York, where the remnant of the band went into the hands of butchers; and the whole lot, he found on returning home and deducting expenses, had netted him three dollars each. And then the thought that our prairie pets should come to such an ignominious end as to be chopped up for sausage meat or parboiled and put into cans, that their tongues were to go into sandwiches and be sold in cheap restaurants, was more than I could bear.

Just here it occurred to me that they might be traded for real estate, and I was unwise enough to say it aloud. This was the signal for a horde of land mongers to "break in upon me like a flood of waters." These dealers "held"—I shall not say owned—sections and half sections and forties and twenties and town lots and fractions thereof, which had been acquired by preëmption or under the tree act or as a homestead or by purchase, with

only a partial payment and a lien still upon the ground for ten times its whole value, leaving the title in almost every case imperfect. And thus the hope that our Board would soon be a freeholder in this great State vanished into thin air.

Mines came next in order, and I could have secured a prospect hole for each horse in the band; but they look so much like graves, and in them are buried the hopes of so many poor, struggling, suffering miners, that I was afraid to try them. Ten days of such suspense brought on a spell of insomnia—sometimes and very appropriately called “the wonders”—and then a good providence sent a purchaser, and the horses were exchanged for two well-secured notes bearing interest and due in one or two years. And so, while we shall see no more, even with the aid of a field glass, our flying squadron, we hope to count the cash it brought and with it build houses of worship more beautiful and useful than these rovers on the plains.

Soon after the Board of Church Extension had been set up in 1882 the question arose in the minds of Mr. Morton, Bishop Hargrove, and others whether the good women of the Church might not in some way be enlisted in the support of the work of the Board. At the first annual meeting the question was asked: “May not women do organized work for Church Extension?” This question was referred to a committee, which submitted a report which was adopted and ordered printed. In the third annual report Mr. Morton used these words:

We trust that the time is not far distant when by regular plan the women and children of the Church may be enlisted in gathering up the fragments, when in a solid phalanx the men of moderate means will move up to the help of the cause, and when persons of great possessions among us will feel themselves honored to be allowed to lay upon God's altar their thousands to be molded into permanent funds which shall continue to extend the Church long after they are in heaven.

Bishop Hargrove made the suggestion that parsonage-building ought to appeal to women and might be a work which would enlist their interest and support. Bishop Hargrove's observations in the West especially had convinced him of the necessity for supplying the preachers with homes. The same reasoning which had pointed out the necessity for churches for homeless congregations likewise emphasized the necessity for parsonages for homeless preachers. A preacher on a hard field of labor, without a house for his family, and spending a goodly part of his meager salary for rent, had a difficult financial problem to meet. For this reason suitable men for important places could not be secured at all times, and often the interests of the Church suffered because there was no home for the preacher. These things were matters of common observation to both Mr. Morton and Bishop Hargrove.

Shortly after the Board of Church Extension had been organized Miss Lucinda B. Helm came to Mr.

Morton and asked him to give her an opportunity of doing something to forward the interests of Church Extension. Mr. Morton was glad to avail himself of her talents as a writer for the preparation of literature for educational and publicity purposes, and in this way she first became connected with the work of the Board. Among other things, she wrote the little book "Gerard," a beautiful Church Extension story which had a large circulation.

When Bishop Hargrove suggested the parsonage work for women, Miss Helm was called into conference over the matter and approved it most heartily. Much was said and written on the subject, but nothing definite was done until at the request of Mr. Morton and Bishop Hargrove; and with their help and advice Miss Helm prepared a plan for a Woman's Department of Church Extension for Parsonage-Building, which was submitted to the stated meeting of the Board of Church Extension held in January, 1886. This paper was by the Board referred to a committee consisting of Bishop Hargrove, Rev. H. C. Settle, and J. G. Carter, Esq., who made a report to the Board at its annual meeting April 9, 1886. That report contained a memorial to the General Conference, which was adopted by the Board as follows:

In view of the great lack of parsonages in the weaker charges and throughout the Church and the importance to

our itinerant economy ; and whereas there is no organized agency to supply this demand, which appeals so directly and so strongly to the Christian endeavor of woman, whose special realm is the home, the Board of Church Extension believes that it is expedient that the General Conference provide for the organization of a Woman's Department of Church Extension, having a specific reference to the supply of parsonages for itinerant preachers, and asks your body so to do.

This memorial, after due consideration, was adopted by the General Conference of 1886, and the constitution of the Board of Church Extension was amended accordingly.

On May 21, of the year named, the Board of Church Extension met in Richmond, Va., and elected Miss Lucinda B. Helm, of Kentucky, Secretary of the Woman's Department. Miss Helm was an old friend of Mr. Morton's. She had been a teacher in the Russellville Female Academy, the predecessor of Logan College, when he was its President, at the time of the Civil War. He had known her all her life, had selected her for the position of Secretary of the new branch of Church Extension work, and had recommended her appointment to the Board. She was at home in his house and a frequent guest at his table. Miss Helm entered upon her work with great diligence and secured the hearty coöperation of good women in every part of the Church. She was a sort of providential woman.



Bishops McTyeire and Kavanaugh

These Bishops are here shown in a rare photograph. The first Memorial Loan Fund of the Board of Church Extension was named in honor of Bishop Kavanaugh, who is on the readers right. He was the beloved Bishop of Kentucky Methodism, and lies buried at Louisville. Bishop McTyeire took an active part in the inauguration of the Church Extension movement and was always its staunch supporter. A strong personal attachment existed between each of these Bishops and David Morton. Bishop McTyeire was the administrator, Bishop Kavanaugh the orator.

DAVID MORTON

Her family connections were of the highest in Kentucky. The famous Ben Hardin was her maternal grandfather; Governor John L. Helm was her father; and Gen. Ben Hardin Helm, who was killed while leading the Orphan Brigade at Chickamauga, was her brother. In every way she was a refined and cultivated lady and, above all, a most devoted and earnest Christian.

The organization of the Woman's Department of the Board was a subject to which Mr. Morton gave much attention. Its creation and organization became the duty of the Board of Church Extension; and the responsibility for its successful issue fell upon Mr. Morton, he being responsible for the proper administration of the Woman's Department as well as of the general Church Extension work. The Woman's Department did not become an independent connectional movement till later. Miss Helm justified Mr. Morton's estimate of her fitness for the position of Secretary, as is fully proved by her first quadrennial report, which showed that five hundred and twelve auxiliary societies had been organized, with a total number of seven thousand two hundred and sixteen members; that two hundred and four parsonages had been helped; and that the aggregate sum of thirty-three thousand nine hundred and three dollars and fifty-seven cents had been raised. Mr. Morton stated in the third quadrennial re-

port that during the first six years of this work one-half as many parsonages were built as during the preceding one hundred years.

The history of this society is that of continual enlargement and development. By the act of the General Conference of 1890 it became a separate organization known as the Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society, under the control of a Central Committee, with the Board of Church Extension acting as trustee. A large parsonage work was done even while home mission work was enterprised and maintained.

In 1898 the General Conference again enlarged its powers and more perfectly organized what was to be known as the Woman's Home Mission Society and gave it a representative board. Under this title it continued to do great work until by the General Conference of 1910 it was merged with the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society into the Woman's Missionary Council. The same General Conference ordered the building of parsonages heretofore carried by the Woman's Home Mission Society transferred to the Board of Church Extension.

Mr. Morton never lost his interest in this child of Church Extension and was ever the friend and adviser of Miss Helm until her death, only a few months before he himself was called from labor to reward. His

final tribute to her shows his high appreciation of this noble woman :

When American Methodism begins to scan the records and monuments of the present century as curiously as we are now scanning those of the century of Barbara Heck and Madame Russell, not less conspicuous among the names of the elect women who have not only wrought well themselves, but have exhibited the rarer grace of leadership, marshaling armies of consecrated women to peaceful victory, will be that of the indefatigable Kentucky woman whose name is now loved and honored throughout the entire Church.

Dr. Morton—for we must hereafter give him the title which Centenary College, Jackson, Louisiana, had bestowed upon him in 1883—was, of course, reëlected to the secretaryship by the General Conference of 1886 for another quadrennium. He had, in fact, done his work so well that no other was mentioned to take his place. Strengthened by this new expression of confidence from his brethren, he faced the responsibilities of another term with fresh courage. No man ever knew better than he the value of steady and continuous labor. It did not enter his mind that he could succeed in the great schemes with which he was charged by any mere succession of brilliant strokes. The records of each succeeding year, however, show that he was all the time gaining some ground and holding all that he had gained. If he did not move forward with great

rapidity, it is at least true that he never retreated. Year by year, never trying to run in advance of possibilities, but always endeavoring to keep up with them, he saw the assessment on the Church gradually increasing and the percentage of collections growing larger. This enabled him to recommend greater appropriations without endangering the financial status of the Board. Once in a while he found it necessary to put the brakes on some of his enthusiastic brethren who could always see larger resources in the future than in the present and were willing to go in debt on the mere hope that the liberality of the Church would increase fast enough to pay them out. For himself, he had learned that such a policy, not being based on rational expectations, savored more of presumption than of faith; and so he opposed it with what sometimes looked like obstinacy. In the end it nearly always appeared, even to those whose plans he had resisted, that his contentions were correct.

He had been struggling all his clerical life with Church debts of one kind and another, and he was determined that the Church Extension Board should forever remain free from this incubus. The constitution expressly stated that "the Board shall not involve itself in debt," and it is true that he had a hand in putting this prohibition into that document.

Things in general ran very smoothly from year to

year. The strictest economy was practiced by the Secretary in every respect. For rent of his office during the first six years, not more was paid than from ten to twelve dollars and fifty cents per month, and for some time after that not more than twenty dollars. All the furniture purchased from 1882 to 1890, including a typewriter, cost only four hundred dollars and fifty cents. As to office service, the following paragraph from the report to the General Conference of 1890 is interesting:

The office work of the Board comprises an immense and constantly increasing correspondence, the arrangement and distribution through the mails and otherwise of all printed matter, the recording of the minutes of the meetings of the Board and of all its committees, the preparation of voluminous reports embodying numerous minute details, the keeping of a full set of double-entry books, and the filing of a great number of valuable papers. This work has kept the Secretary very busy when at home and made it necessary for the Board to provide him with clerical assistance, which has cost for the four years \$2,388.95, or an average of a little less than fifty dollars per month.

The first office of the Board was opened in the home of the Secretary, at 520 West Chestnut Street, Louisville, Kentucky. It was a very modest house, and a tin sign, something like a doctor's sign, indicated the location of this new department of Church work. A

flat-top desk in the middle of the room was the sole furniture of the office, the rest belonging to the house. Nothing was bought except as the necessities of the growth of the work compelled. Discarded envelopes were split open and used as memorandum paper in office work, so far did economy go. Larger quarters were secured only when the necessities of the business required. The sitting room of the family became the reception room of the Board and was used for this extra purpose for years. Dr. Morton would never consent to an office separate from his home. He never had office hours. He was an early riser, and it was his regular custom to be up before the family and at his desk before breakfast and then through the hours of the business day and often after supper. His capacity for steady grinding labor was enormous. Such habits no physical frame could stand, if persisted in; and his breakdown did not come earlier because the demands for his presence in the field were frequent enough to break in on such reckless disregard of the laws of health and force him to a cessation of such confining labor. There can be no question that his life was prolonged by his frequent travels and the consequent rest, change of scene, and mental relaxation which they afforded. No man was ever more completely absorbed, body and soul, in his work.

Another marked trait in his business methods was

promptness. He could never bear for a letter to lie unanswered. He would never consent to an office that was not easily within reach of the post office. He rented a mail box and would himself go to the post office and get the mail before breakfast, often answer some of the correspondence, and likewise return to the post office and mail the replies before breakfast. It was not unusual for him to be seen on such errands, clad in his morning wrapper, which was also his working coat. He knew the schedule of the outgoing and incoming mails and considered it a part of his business to be thus informed.

His home and office were always open to ministers and friends. They came unannounced, stayed as long as they pleased, and left when it suited their convenience. It was the stop-over place for his brethren, and he made it convenient and useful to them as they passed through the city or waited from train to train. The bishops in their travels always found a cozy quiet room, where they could spend a few restful hours. His view of a Church office included making it serve the preachers. In the office itself there was an old-time sofa, which gave rest and comfort to the tired ones. Bishop Kavanaugh, on his trips to the city from his suburban home, would drop upon its inviting cushions and forget fatigue in a restful nap while pens and brains were busy around him.

Dr. Morton was a financier of marked ability. This fact stands out in bold relief, whatever his work. No matter how discouraging the prospect, his indomitable courage and tireless energy always succeeded in solving the financial difficulties of every enterprise that he undertook. When his fitness for the position of Secretary of the Church Extension Movement was under discussion, a member of his own Conference said of him: "If you want a man that can go on a bare rock and raise a crop without seed or soil, David Morton is the man. He has money sense and Methodist religion."

The financing of the Board of Church Extension was a difficult task. We have seen that in the four years preceding the General Conference of 1882 Dr. Morton was brooding over the plans for the new movement soon to be launched. He became satisfied that the assessments upon the Church would alone be inadequate to finance efficiently the work and that other methods for raising money must be adopted. The loan fund idea appealed to him as the solution of the difficulty, offering, as it did, a permanent fund always available and indestructible. His keen business judgment grasped its many advantages; and when the time for organization came, he wrote into the constitution the following section:

This Board shall have authority to raise and administer a loan fund, which shall be separate from funds raised for



The First Home Owned by the Board of Church Extension

On July 1st, 1897, the first home owned by the Board of Church Extension was presented to it by Mrs. Catherine Wilson, Mrs. Mary A. Morton of Hopkinsville, Ky., Presley Meguiar and David Morton by whom life annuities were reserved to themselves. It was located at 705 West Chestnut Street, Louisville, Ky. Its value was estimated at \$8,000. Before and after this date it was both the office of the Board and the home of the Secretary and here Doctor Morton died. The picture was taken in 1915.

general distribution, and which shall be used only in loans on adequate security to be determined by the Board.

In the first annual report this part of the work is strongly featured:

We believe that our Board has been charged with no more important duty than "to raise and administer a loan fund." We understand that the General Conference designed to provide that no part of this fund shall ever be donated for any purpose or used for current expenses, but shall be preserved without diminution, a perpetual fund to be loaned to Churches in aid of the objects of the Board, without interest or with interest, as occasion may require and the Board shall from time to time determine.

Such a fund would be especially useful from the consideration that a large proportion of the work we are called upon to do might be accomplished by temporary loans which, after serving once, come back and then go again and repeat their work and continue thus to go and come, reproducing their blessings year after year.

Assured that early possession of this fund would assist us greatly in our work, it was by the Board at its first meeting ordered:

"That of all funds derived from gifts, devises, and bequests, fifty per cent shall go into and be a part of the loan fund, unless otherwise directed by the donors.

"That out of all moneys received from collections through the Annual Conferences for the first fiscal year, not less than twenty per cent shall be transferred to the loan fund, after paying the salary of the Secretary and incidental expenses."

A by-law providing for a committee to secure and manage this fund has been enacted and the committee appointed.

In March, 1884, the Board determined that "sums of five thousand dollars and upward donated by one or more persons may, by direction of the contributors, constitute a separate loan fund and be named by them." In accordance with this provision, it was particularly fitting that the first of these "living monuments," as Dr. Morton designated them, should be created in honor of Bishop Kavanaugh, who had so recently died. Since then a large number of these "memorial loan funds" have been established in the name of those whose memory it is desired to honor and perpetuate.

Loan funds differ from all other forms of endowment in that ordinary endowments provide for the expenditure and consumption of the interest, while the loan funds provide that neither principal nor interest shall be consumed, in whole or in part, for any purpose. The principal is loaned to the very person whom it was designed to help, the purpose being to give temporary aid. Contrast this with ordinary endowments, the principal of which is invested in stocks or loaned to any responsible borrower, the interest only being used in carrying out the purposes of the gift. As an illustration, the following example is convincing: In five years a twenty-five-hundred-dollar loan fund, divided into five parts and loaned to five Churches at four per cent interest, insures the building of ten churches, assisting them to the amount of seven thousand and fif-

teen dollars and sixty-one cents and at the same time increases the loan fund by five hundred and forty-one dollars and sixty-five cents.

In March, 1886, an amendment to the charter of the Board was secured providing for increasing the loan funds on the annuity plan, such

Annuity payable annually to the order of the person or persons making such donations; but all such amounts so received shall be loaned by said Board on adequate security or securities, and the aggregate annuities that the Board shall assume to pay shall never be allowed to exceed one-half of the annual interest receivable on the loans made by said Board.

This quotation is made to show how this sacred money was made absolutely safe to those contributing it. This plan has proven one of the most attractive of all the methods devised for raising money. Those who are not able to get along without the income from their property may pay into the treasury of the Board an amount of money and receive from the Board in return therefor a certificate of annuity which obligates the Board to pay annually to the investor or designated beneficiary during life a sum not to exceed an agreed per cent of the amount involved, provided that upon the death of the beneficiary the payment of interest shall cease and the principal shall become the absolute property of the Board.

The annuitant receives his income in regular install-

ments, and the money is at work building churches, and the Kingdom of God is being spread abroad in the earth. As an illustration of the early leaflets issued by the Board, one of them dealing with annuities is here reproduced:

Would you like to make a good investment? One that will be perfectly safe? That will pay a better rate of interest than any other safe, long-time investment? One that will give you no trouble except to go to the nearest bank every six months and collect your money? That will relieve you from ever having to reinvest your capital?

Would you like to make an investment that, while it offers all the advantages named above, will at the same time put your money to work for the Saviour? One that will help to build churches or parsonages while it supports you to the day of your death!

If you would, invest one hundred or five hundred or five thousand dollars in an annuity certificate of this Board. It is a contract pledging the Board and all its assets—mortgages on real estate—to pay you the semi-annual interest agreed upon as long as you live, with the understanding that at your death the principal shall vest absolutely in this Board, to constitute a perpetual loan fund; and if amounting to \$5,000 or more, to bear your name or any other that you may give it—an everlasting memorial.

We now have several such funds, and the donors have the pleasure of seeing their money at work for Christ, while they are assured of a certain income from it as long as they live.

Is not that better than to lend your money to a neighbor who may break? Or to invest in bonds that may be

repudiated? Or to lend upon a mortgage and have to hire a lawyer to enforce it? It is better than a government bond. It is better than a will.

At the annual meeting in 1887 the loan funds were much talked of and the whole system critically examined. Resolutions were adopted urging the organization of special Conference loan funds and of parsonage loan funds. The utility of loans as compared with donations, the practicability and method of collecting promptly at maturity sums loaned to Churches, the best means for increasing these funds and adding others to them, were special points concerning which information was sought.

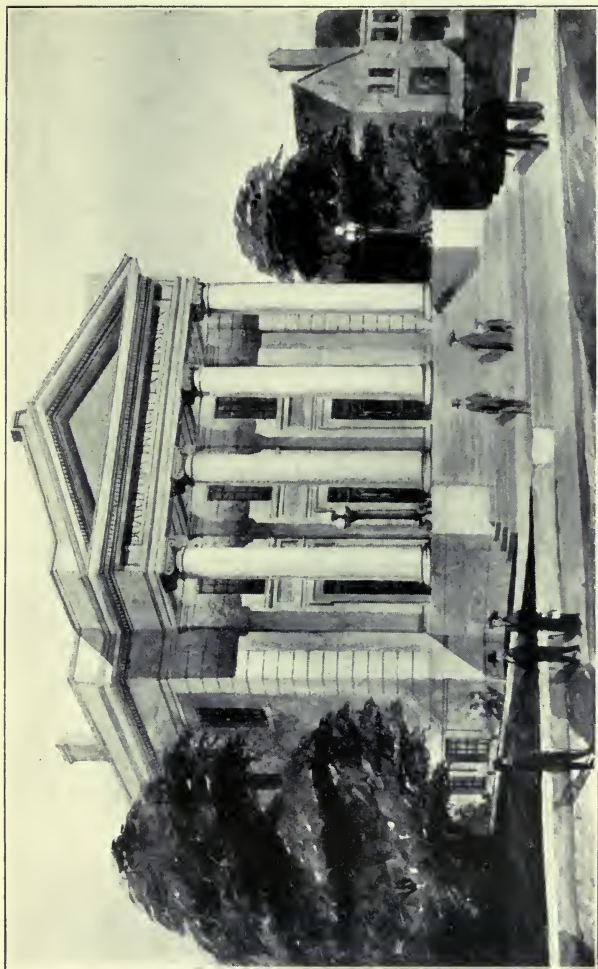
On no part of Church Extension work did Dr. Morton expend more energy than upon the development of the loan fund idea. It has not been improved upon since his time. By pen, from the pulpit, from the platform, by private interview, he solicited money. In every annual report the subject is prominently mentioned. Well-laid campaigns were planned and executed. At one time a canvass of twenty-one days was made by Bishop Galloway and Dr. Morton in the interest of the Paine Loan Fund, during which fifteen of the principal towns and cities of the State of Mississippi were visited. Another canvass of twenty-seven days in the interest of the Andrew Loan Fund was made by Bishop Hargrove and Dr. Morton, during

which thirty-three points in the State of Alabama were visited. At all these places meetings were held, addresses delivered, and collections taken.

It was especially appropriate that at his death the Board should establish the David Morton Loan Fund. With such a memorial he may rest from his labors, and his works do follow him.

From the first Dr. Morton had been convinced that it was the duty of the Board to provide in every way possible for the building of better church houses. He advocated the policy of going further than giving and lending money. He opposed leaving entirely to the judgment of the building committee of the congregation helped, the selection of the plans for the building and the choice of the lot.

Building committees without the aid of architects or other competent advisers could not be expected to erect houses of worship that would be patterns of either beauty or utility. Outside the large cities church architecture was almost unknown when the Board of Church Extension began its work. Dr. Morton saw that it would not be wise to give money for the erection of churches badly adapted to their intended use. He stated that the improvement of church architecture was one of the prime ends to be served by the Board, and early in 1883 a contract was made with an architect to supply plans for churches. Each plan had



The New Home of the Board of Church Extension
Now in course of erection at number 1115 South Fourth Street, Louisville, Kentucky

drawings, specifications and estimates, and along with it a contract to be signed by the builders. All of this was furnished at a nominal price far below that which any congregation could possibly secure it for on its own account. A catalogue of these plans was printed and distributed by the thousands and had a decided influence in arousing a sentiment for better church buildings throughout the Church. In the quadrennium ending in 1890 two hundred and fifty-eight plans had been sold, an increase of one hundred and forty-seven over the number sold in the first quadrennium. This was the beginning of a new era in church architecture in the Church.

Along with the development of church plans came the recognition of the necessity for properly located lots of the proper size. As early as 1887 the Board was impressing upon all Churches applying for aid the necessity for securing building lots of ample size as well as convenience of location and soon thereafter announced that these factors would weigh much in granting appropriations.

It was a logical step after this to an insurance requirement; and so again the Board protected its funds, as well as the congregation helped, by directing the Secretary to reserve out of the amount granted a sum sufficient to pay for insuring the church or parsonage, as the case might be.

These three principles thus early established—good building plans, lots of ample size properly located, and insurance on all buildings—have become the settled policy of the Board. They have tremendously influenced for the better the character of the physical plant of our houses of worship throughout the Church. To-day, more than ever before, the beauty and utility of the church building are being considered.

As early as 1886 the Kentucky mountain region had become a matter of serious concern to the Board because of its lack of church buildings. The matter was carefully considered by the Kentucky Conference, money was pledged, and Dr. Morton made a special trip to look over the needs of the field in 1887. The account of this tour is both interesting and enlightening and is reproduced here for these reasons:

A trip of ten days to Southeastern Kentucky, made in the interest of church-building, brought me into nine counties, seven of whose capitals I visited. The distance traveled after leaving the railroad was about two hundred and fifty miles, over as rough roads as I have ever seen. A stout spring wagon and two good horses, managed by an expert driver, enabled us to make the journey without serious discomfort. At any rate, I felt that I should not complain when I met an ex-chief justice plodding along on a sore-backed horse and a candidate for governor and a city editor mounted on a mule each, wending their way through the narrow defiles and swampy creeks.

The mountain regions of the State have ever been

strangely destitute of church edifices. Though regularly organized churches, enjoying the ministrations of faithful men who both preached and administered the ordinances, have existed from the first settlement of the State, yet both preachers and people have seemed to have but little concern about a house and a home in which to care for the flock. In the country the schoolhouse and in the town the courthouse were deemed sufficient, and where neither was convenient a private dwelling was made to answer the purpose; and hence a state of affairs at once anomalous and unfortunate has existed. This custom, so destructive of permanency and so subversive of the reverence which should ever attach to a place of worship, has gone far to hinder the progress of the gospel in these regions. Five of the county seats recently visited have not now and never had a church edifice of any sort within their corporate limits. One of these towns was established sixty-seven years ago, another forty, another about thirty, another about ten, and the last about three years ago. In the country traversed we saw outside the towns but three or four church buildings, and these are owned by the Primitive Baptists, whose flickering light is little else than a sample of a fast-vanishing civilization. The proper conduct of Church work under such conditions is simply impossible; and I am glad to note the fact that the various Churches of the State seem determined not only to send missionaries, but to build houses in these needy regions.

The object of my visit was to excite, if possible, in the minds of the people who live there an interest in church-building and to induce them, with the promise of aid from our Church Extension Board, to make efforts to help themselves. The plan worked admirably. At the

first place visited a fine lot and \$500 were given by the people. At the next, an eligible lot. At the third measures were inaugurated that will insure a church within a year. At the fourth, and the youngest of all, a lot and \$200 were provided and \$200 more promised. At the fifth, a lot and \$600 were pledged. Thus within a few days nearly \$2,000, estimating the ground at its cash value, was pledged; and this, with what the Church Extension Board will give, assures the building of at least five churches in five county seats which are now and have always been without houses of worship.

One thousand dollars given by Maj. C. Dewese, of Carroll County, Kentucky, and another thousand added by the Kentucky Conference at its last session enabled the Church Extension Board to do its work.

Dr. Morton was again elected in the fall of 1889 at the head of his delegation to the General Conference of 1890, which met at St. Louis, and was assigned to the Committee on Episcopacy, which by general usage is regarded as the leading committee of the body. The writer of these pages happens to know that he was most active in the discharge of his special duties and at the same time kept a keen eye on everything that concerned Church Extension.

He had begun to feel the need of more help in his office and was very anxious to have an Assistant Secretary elected. Largely on his representations the Committee on Church Extension brought in an early and favorable report on the subject. This was followed,

however, by a minority report signed by the Chairman, Hon. R. W. Peatross, of Virginia. The discussion that followed was exceedingly vigorous. Mr. Peatross is an uncommonly able lawyer and spoke with the directness and vigor of a man who is in the habit of driving his points home on a judge and jury. Everybody listened to him with the greatest respect. I have known few speakers in the General Conference to get a better hearing; but he was on Dr. Morton's own ground, and that fact put him at a disadvantage. The *Daily Advocate* went out of its way in the next issue to make editorial comment on the debate, as follows:

Dr. Morton's address to the Conference on Church Extension matters was earnest, luminous, and convincing. He knows his work and loves it. He was listened to with profound attention, due to the utterances of a faithful servant of the Church concerning this department of our Church work. There was some difference of opinion as to the policy to be pursued hereafter, but there was but one sentiment as to the fidelity and efficiency of the administration. The debate that followed was one of the most able and vigorous that has yet taken place during the session. The speakers took full time and put in their full strength.

It is almost useless to add that the majority report prevailed by a large majority. Dr. James C. Morris, one of the purest and strongest men in the whole Church, was elected Assistant Secretary. But after

less than two years the pull of the pastorate, to which he was profoundly devoted, became so strong on his heart that he resigned his connectional position to resume his loved employment in the ranks. He was succeeded in office by Mr. Wilbur F. Barclay, a layman and a lawyer of the highest character and great ability, who was also, as his father had been before him, a most intimate friend of Dr. Morton. The two men pulled together in the same harness for many years. It was a capital arrangement in every way. They understood each other and loved each other. No misunderstanding ever arose between them.

That Dr. Morton would be reëlected General Secretary was as certain before the event as after it. When the ballots were counted, they proved to be almost unanimous, only five scattering ones having been cast against him. Such an occurrence has been unusually rare in Methodist history. It was a just tribute to a man that had accomplished results.

In the first and second quadrenniums of its existence the Board completed its organization, laid its financial policy on secure foundations, and established itself fully as an integral part of the connectional policy of the Church. These were busy years for Dr. Morton, years of unremitting toil. At the beginning of the third quadrennium the Board found itself prepared to do the work assigned it in a much larger way than ever

before. With the momentum it had acquired, it was inevitable that it would now go forward with increasing rapidity. With his mind released from the harassing details of inaugurating a large enterprise, Dr. Morton found himself free to develop the plans already laid for the strengthening of Zion. The work became heavier and heavier each year. In the third quadrennium the Board held four regular annual meetings and twelve stated quarterly meetings. Its Executive Committee met eleven times; its Committee on Loan Funds, twice; its Committee on Applications, fifteen times; and its Finance Committee, twenty-one times. Attendance upon these numerous necessary meetings proved quite a tax, especially upon those members residing in Louisville, all of whom were daily engaged in active professional or business life.

In the tenth annual report we get the viewpoint of the Secretary on the future of Church Extension as related to the pastors:

After extended and close observation reaching over nearly ten years in this field of labor, I am thoroughly satisfied that the destiny of our work is in the hands of the preachers in charge, the pastors of the Church. If they will follow the directions of the Discipline and "take up a collection in every congregation annually for Church Extension," success is inevitable; if they do not, failure is an assured certainty. The most earnest pleading by the Board, the most piquant writing by our best editors, the

most dashing campaign of the Conferences by secretaries, the employment of the apparently most apposite expedients will not avail anything like so much as the steady, earnest, systematic canvass of each pastoral charge by the preacher sent to serve it. We do not undervalue the service of bishops, Board, presiding elders, and editors, for there is much to be done by each of these, but to the hand-to-hand work of the pastor we look for the result so much to be desired.

In 1894 the General Conference met at Memphis, and Dr. Morton was again reëlected Secretary of the Board with practically no opposition. It was to be his last General Conference and his last quadrennium. The work of the Board was reviewed and its methods examined. The Board had passed through the financial storm and stress of the panic of 1893. Dr. Morton said: "The twelfth year of the existence of this Board was one of extreme and unexampled hardship throughout the length and breadth of our land, and the financial panic through which the country passed was not without its effects upon our work."

There were several troublesome problems of administration repeatedly arising during the preceding quadrennium, among them the delinquent borrower, the question of fire insurance on churches, limiting the size of donations, and appeals by pastors to the Church at large outside the regular channels of Church Extension. These were vexed questions then and to a certain ex-

Three Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventeen Methodist Churches



tent are still. A solution in every instance has not yet been reached that is satisfactory to all.

A successful memorial to this General Conference resulted in the reciprocal naming of the Secretary of the Board of Missions and the Secretary of the Board of Church Extension to membership in the sister Board. In this way the two Boards became correlated and much closer relations established. This arrangement has continued ever since, the Secretary of the Board of Missions sitting in the meetings of the Board of Church Extension, and *vice versa*.

This same General Conference authorized the creation of City Church Extension Boards. In his twelfth annual report Dr. Morton took advanced ground on the necessity for such boards. His experience as presiding elder of the Louisville District years before had shown him the necessity for coördinating the forces of all city churches in planning for future needs and working toward definite ends. He urged this step in these words:

The time has fully arrived when, in my opinion, provision should be made in our organic law for the organization of local boards of Church Extension in our cities for the purpose of further stimulating and aiding in the erection of churches, with special reference to reaching and evangelizing the "unchurched masses" of our urban population. The mass of the morally halt, lame, and blind of our day is not to be found in rural byways and hedges,

but in the alleys and slums of our cities ; and if we would induce them to partake of the gospel feast, it must be spread before their eyes.

For fifteen years the Board had been so busily engaged in providing homes for others that it had not taken time and the money to get one for itself. But in 1897 Mrs. Catherine H. Wilson, Mrs. Mary A. Morton, of Hopkinsville, Presley Meguiar, its President, and David Morton, its Secretary, purchased and presented to the Board the house then occupied by it at 705 West Chestnut Street, Louisville, Kentucky. The parties making the gift reserved life annuities. Thus for the first time the Board became its own landlord and possessed permanent quarters.

It is well to record here the names of the men who at various times and for terms of office of different lengths constituted the Board of Church Extension during the sixteen years of Dr. Morton's secretaryship. They were his co-workers and associates, and able men they were and strong men in the councils of the Church. The great results attained could not have been accomplished without their wise management. It is fitting that they should appear in the biography of David Morton. He would have wanted it so.

The bishops were: George F. Pierce, Hubbard H. Kavanaugh, Holland N. McTyeire, John C. Keener, Alpheus W. Wilson, Linus Parker, John C. Granbery,

DAVID MORTON

Robert K. Hargrove, William W. Duncan, Charles B. Galloway, Eugene R. Hendrix, Joseph S. Key, Atticus G. Haygood, O. P. Fitzgerald.

The clerical members were: W. T. Harris, Memphis Conference; F. B. Carroll, Denver Conference; C. I. Vandeventer, Missouri Conference; H. C. Settle, Louisville Conference; J. C. Morris, Louisville Conference; Joseph Emery, Columbia Conference; W. F. Compton, Pacific Conference; C. E. Brown, Northwest Texas Conference; S. K. Cox, Baltimore Conference; O. P. Fitzgerald, Pacific Conference; M. H. Neely, North Texas Conference; Beverly W. Bond, Baltimore Conference; S. M. Hosmer, North Alabama Conference; R. H. Parker, Los Angeles Conference; John W. Lewis, Louisville Conference; W. F. Cook, North Georgia Conference; H. C. Morrison, *ex officio*, Secretary Board of Missions.

The laymen were: J. S. Lithgow, Louisville, Kentucky; Presley Meguiar, Louisville, Kentucky; G. D. Shands, Senatobia, Mississippi; Charles S. Grubbs, Louisville, Kentucky; J. H. Carlisle, Spartanburg, South Carolina; John W. Proctor, Danville, Kentucky; James G. Carter, Louisville, Kentucky; John L. Wheat, Louisville, Kentucky; Charles R. Long, Louisville, Kentucky; R. B. Gilbert, Louisville, Kentucky; John W. Paulett, Knoxville, Tennessee; George M. Rogers,

DAVID MORTON

Louisville, Kentucky; Presley H. Tapp, Louisville, Kentucky.

The following exhibit of the work done by the Board of Church Extension during the first sixteen years of its existence under the secretaryship of Dr. Morton has been prepared by the present Secretary, Rev. W. F. McMurry, D.D., from the records of the office for publication in this biography. The trouble and pains to which he has gone in order to do this are gratefully acknowledged. A study of this exhibit will clearly show the progress and importance of the work in these formative years of the Board's existence and the magnitude of it at the time of Dr. Morton's death. It is enough to state here that three thousand eight hundred and seventeen churches were aided, nearly one million dollars was raised for church-building purposes, and that in the last quadrennium the rate of church-building averaged six and one-half churches per week, or nearly one for each calendar day.

DAVID MORTON

BOARD OF CHURCH EXTENSION, METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

*Table Showing Number of Churches and Parsonages Aided and
Amount of Aid, from Beginning to March 31, 1898.*

Conference.	Churches.	Amount.	Parsonages.	Amount.	Total Amount.
Alabama	123	\$ 26,870 00	5	\$ 641 00	\$ 27,511 00
Baltimore.....	124	44,835 00	11	2,455 00	47,290 00
Central Mexico.....	5	1,116 00			1,116 00
Central Texas.....	63	27,400 00	8	1,200 00	28,600 00
China Mission.....	1	400 00			400 00
Columbia.....	27	9,042 00	14	3,355 51	12,397 51
Denver.....	22	26,510 00	11	3,141 76	29,651 76
East Columbia.....	22	15,700 00	6	1,900 00	17,600 00
East Oklahoma.....	73	9,763 00	37	3,592 10	13,355 10
Florida.....	102	44,546 00	25	5,031 78	49,577 78
German Mission.....	10	1,252 00	1	200 00	1,452 00
Holston.....	105	18,101 00	39	3,354 55	21,455 55
Illinois.....	37	4,431 00	1	120 00	4,551 00
Japan Mission.....	3	2,145 00			2,145 00
Kentucky.....	79	23,090 00	13	2,503 65	25,593 65
Little Rock.....	103	33,379 00	25	1,752 00	35,131 00
Los Angeles.....	30	30,790 00	16	4,481 32	35,271 32
Louisiana.....	79	18,921 00	35	3,414 20	22,335 20
Louisville.....	90	28,940 00	16	1,557 00	30,497 00
Memphis.....	150	21,873 00	21	1,287 00	23,160 00
Mexican Border	14	10,738 00			10,738 00
Mississippi.....	132	15,302 00	14	1,130 52	16,432 52
Missouri.....	126	37,800 00	6	636 40	38,436 40
Montana.....	19	10,789 00	12	4,545 62	15,334 62
New Mexico.....	21	16,433 00	4	1,900 00	18,333 00
North Alabama.....	120	21,277 00	6	1,255 45	22,532 45
North Arkansas.....	141	26,984 00	8	1,810 00	28,794 00
North Carolina.....	140	19,815 00	4	320 00	20,135 00
North Georgia.....	205	36,001 00	17	1,955 00	37,956 00
North Mississippi.....	153	22,487 00	14	993 50	23,480 50
North Texas.....	110	25,250 00	21	2,040 55	27,290 55
Northwest Texas.....	29	10,844 00	12	1,150 00	11,994 00
Pacific.....	36	39,217 00	17	4,247 25	43,464 25
Pacific Mexican	2	700 00			700 00
St. Louis.....	82	15,805 00	20	4,692 95	20,497 95
South Carolina.....	87	8,552 00			8,552 00
South Georgia.....	151	23,755 00	10	880 48	24,635 48
Southwest Missouri.....	116	31,781 00	18	2,015 76	33,796 76
Tennessee.....	141	34,778 00	21	2,266 02	37,044 02
Texas.....	141	26,404 00	45	3,116 34	29,520 34
Texas Mexican.....	8	4,141 00			4,141 00
Upper South Carolina.....	97	14,031 00			14,031 00
Virginia.....	184	32,262 00	11	1,608 00	33,870 00
Western North Carolina.....	121	14,978 00	6	205 00	15,183 00
Western Virginia.....	65	18,347 00	5	576 00	18,923 00
West Oklahoma.....	37	12,984 00	16	3,535 00	16,519 00
West Texas.....	82	26,735 00	33	3,818 94	30,553 94
Total.....	3,817	\$947,294 00	604	\$84,685 65	\$1,031,979 65

DAVID MORTON

BOARD OF CHURCH EXTENSION, METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

*Table Showing Annual Receipts on Assessments, Specials and
Loan Funds, and Annual Increase of Loan Fund Capital,
Etc., from June 1, 1882, to March 31, 1898.*

Year Ending March 31.	Amount Paid on General Assessment Account dur- ing the Year.	Amount Re- ceived on Specials during the Year.	Amount Re- ceived on Loan Funds during the Year.	Annual Interest Earned Less Annuities, Etc.	Increase of Loan Fund Capital dur- ing the Year.	Loan Fund Capital at the Close of the Year.
1 1883.....	\$ 2,302 61	\$ 2,437 00				
2 1884.....	32,833 98	691 40	\$ 2,740 11		\$ 2,740 11	\$ 2,740 11
3 1885.....	35,853 48	1,169 94	18,302 11		18,302 11	21 042 22
4 1886.....	35,077 90	2,045 82	10,229 63	\$ 70 75	10,300 38	31,342 60
5 1887.....	38,057 48	1,104 50	2,431 18	527 50	2,958 68	34,301 28
6 1888.....	45,764 08	1,871 58	5,638 91	757 75	6,396 66	40,607 94
7 1889.....	51,302 14	1,497 00	8,763 62	1,354 52	10,118 14	50,816 08
8 1890.....	55,352 22	2,701 12	5,367 74	2,382 91	7,750 65	58,566 73
9 1891.....	62,445 40	3,793 17	7,094 97	2,558 21	9,653 18	68,219 91
10 1892.....	67,359 44	1,799 63	7,001 15	3,121 68	10,122 83	78,342 74
11 1893.....	62,637 22	2,639 72	11,054 87	3,383 20	14,438 07	92,780 81
12 1894.....	55,369 40	1,267 55	12,533 11	3,001 52	15,534 63	108,315 44
13 1895.....	53,503 32	2,795 37	5,367 59	3,164 81	8,532 40	116,847 84
14 1896.....	56,075 40	3,467 22	6,898 00	3,315 36	10,213 36	127,061 20
15 1897.....	54,557 68	1,654 00	5,505 00	2,547 44	8,052 44	135,113 64
16 1898.....	58,236 88	9,154 61	19,787 22	3,891 64	23,678 86	158,792 50
Total...	\$767,328 63	\$40,089 63	\$128,715 21	\$30,077 29	\$158,792 50	

In the field of Church Extension David Morton labored for almost sixteen years. He would say to his most intimate friends: "I believe God intended that I should do this work and that my previous life has been a training for it." What our Church Extension work is, David Morton made it—that is to say, he laid its broad and secure foundations. First and last, he had many competent and worthy helpers, and since he has passed away his plans have been successfully carried on by those who have come after him; but they have always been in substance *his* plans. No one can doubt where the chief credit belongs; and no one, so far as I know, has ever been disposed to doubt it.

CHAPTER IX.

CLOSING HIS CAREER.

TOWARD the end of the quadrennium of 1894 to 1898 it became known to his close friends that Dr. Morton's health was not as vigorous as usual, but it did not occur to any of them that he was approaching the end of his journey. In the fall of 1897 his Conference once more honored itself by electing him as leader of its delegation to the General Conference which was to meet in Baltimore in May, 1898. He was looking forward to the gathering with deep interest, and throughout the whole Church there was no little quiet satisfaction over the thought that he was again to bring the benefit of his matured judgment into the deliberations of its supreme synod. Through the Winter he kept up his spirits, and as Spring approached he was laying all his plans for the future. Early in March, 1898, I had a cheerful letter from him telling me that he expected to be in Nashville on the evening of the tenth of that month and asking me to meet him at a hotel for a conversation concerning matters relating to the welfare of the Church. The prospect of having such an interview was exceedingly agreeable to me, for I had learned to love him as a

son loves his father. It was a terrible shock, therefore, when the afternoon paper of March 9 brought the tidings of his death. In every part of the Church, moreover, from the Ohio River to Tampa Bay and from Baltimore to San Francisco, a deep feeling of sorrow was experienced. It is very likely that there was not a minister in the whole Church that did not personally know him and that was not regretful over his demise. Among the laity also he had friends by the tens of thousands, who were deeply grieved that they should see his face and hear his voice no more.

On Saturday, March 5th, while working at his desk, Dr. Morton reached for a paper lying in a basket brought from Mexico, and in doing so stuck a small splinter from the basket in the thumb of his left hand. He paid little attention to it at the time. On the following morning, Sunday, he had an appointment to preach at Asbury Chapel, in the city, and kept the appointment, though his thumb by this time had begun to pain him. The text was characteristic of the man and was from Zechariah iv. 10: "For who hath despised the day of small things?" The pastor of the Church was Rev. L. B. Davidson, a venerable man, who had known Dr. Morton from his youth and was an old friend of the Morton family at Russellville. In the afternoon Dr. Morton had a chill, and that night medical aid was summoned. He passed a restless

night, and on Monday morning the physicians and surgeons in attendance pronounced his condition critical from blood-poisoning. In spite of the best medical skill, he grew steadily worse and died Wednesday morning, March 9, 1898.

On March 10th the funeral services were conducted at the Walnut Street Church, at Fifth and Walnut Streets. All religious denominations were represented, and the house was crowded to overflowing. Rev. George Needham gave out the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and prayer was offered by Rev. B. F. Biggs, followed by another hymn, "God of My Life, Whose Gracious Power through Various Deaths My Soul Has Led," announced by Rev. J. S. Scobee. Rev. Henry D. Moore read the Ninetieth Psalm, and Rev. M. B. Chapman, pastor of the Church, read the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians. The principal addresses were made by Bishop R. K. Hargrove and Rev. John W. Lewis, D.D., presiding elder of the Louisville District. The concluding hymn was, "Servant of God, Well Done! Rest from Thy Loved Employ"; and the final prayer was offered by Rev. L. B. Davidson, the oldest minister in the Louisville Conference, the benediction being pronounced by Bishop Hargrove. My only regret is that no report *ipsissima verba* of the addresses delivered on this occasion by Bishop Hargrove and Dr. Lewis was taken down.

DAVID MORTON

As was most appropriate, the remains of Dr. Morton were taken on the morning of the eleventh to Russellville, Kentucky, for burial. Literally scores of his dearest kindred are interred there, and he had always expected to lie beside them when his end should come. Till the morning of the twelfth the casket containing the body rested at The Knob, the old family seat, the old home of his father and of his own childhood and early manhood. Let it be said again that nothing could have been more fit. A special press dispatch of that date from Russellville deserves to be incorporated in this narrative:

The great love and esteem in which the late Dr. David Morton was held by the people of this city, his native town, were amply attested by the large assemblage which congregated at the graveside to-day, when his remains were laid to rest in the Maple Grove Cemetery. But few men had attained to that place in the hearts of the people of Russellville and Logan County held by this great and good man. The burial took place at ten o'clock this morning from the residence of Judge James H. Bowden, the services being conducted by Revs. James A. Lewis, of this city, H. C. Settle, of Bowling Green, and H. C. Morrison, of Atlanta. A touching incident at the grave was the presence of two old negro men, servants of the family, who, with tears streaming down their cheeks, gently and tenderly shoveled the earth over the casket.

The Board of Church Extension met promptly and passed the following resolutions:



David Morton's Desk
The desk of David Morton just as he left it three days before his death.

DAVID MORTON

Dr. David Morton is dead, and the Church mourns. A leader has been called home, one whose arduous labors and wise counsels have for many years been fruitful of great good to the cause of Christ and of inestimable value to Methodism.

Whatever the charge intrusted to him, whether the country circuit or station, a presiding elder's district in the crowded metropolis of his native State, or embracing vast areas in the then unsettled Northwest, or as burden bearer for the whole Church in the ample field where for sixteen years past his magnificent abilities have found adequate and congenial employment, he was found ever ready and fully equipped. Never hesitating, never faltering, bravely, trustingly pressing forward by his devotion and ability alike in the lowest and highest position to success, was his fixed habit. He perhaps never failed in any enterprise undertaken for Christ and the Church.

He was, indeed, a man of one work—the ministry of the gospel of Christ. While he comprehended the vastness of the interests of Zion and aspired to the accomplishment of great things by his own efforts, God helping, he was ever most watchful as to even the minutest details of anything intrusted to him. If his example be faithfully followed by those who remain and by them that come after, how rapid may prove the coming of the kingdom of Christ upon earth, the triumph of the mission of Jesus!

As his associates on the Board of Church Extension we shall miss his labors and counsels beyond expression, as a friend and brother beloved we shall ever remember with joy and gratitude our association with him, and we will endeavor, while spared, to profit by the precious lessons of love and devotion exemplified in his life.

We tender our sincere sympathy to the family, the widow, children, and grandchildren, so sorely bereaved and

DAVID MORTON

commend them to the watch-care and keeping of Him whom the departed loved and served so faithfully.

The Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society promptly followed with an utterance of like character :

While the entire Church is filled with mourning over the loss of this Prince in Israel, the members of the Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society, with which he was officially connected, are peculiarly bereaved. As Dr. Morton was ever the loyal champion and wise and able advocate of the organization, as a body and as individuals the society has suffered a bereavement second only to that so recently sustained in the loss of Miss Helm. These two leaders, colaborers in life, were conquerors in death. Dr. Morton was connected with the earliest beginnings of the Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society. He aided in framing its constitution, in winning for it gifts and friends, in guarding its funds, in seeking its advancement, and in directing its policy. As Secretary of the Board of Church Extension, with unswerving fidelity and unremitting devotion he gave himself to the high commission intrusted to him by the Church. His exact and faithful attention to all the details of business, his jealous care of the funds of the Board, and his personal devotion to God should be an example and an unfailing inspiration to every woman engaged in the work of the organization. It was dear to Dr. Morton because his far-seeing eye and keen business judgment saw in it great possibilities for the growth of the Church. The society should plight itself anew to more earnest endeavor to bring about the almost ideal condition for which he longed and labored, when every itinerant preacher's home

DAVID MORTON

shall be a home indeed. Doubtless there will be many who will speak more eloquently and more worthily of him and his work; but no words can be more sincere than the loving tribute from those who will cherish his memory and strive to live, as did he, for the good of man and the glory of God.

The Board of Missions, in brief but fitting language, likewise gave voice to its sorrow:

A meeting of the Board of Missions was held in the Mission Rooms March 16, 1898, to take action concerning the death of Dr. David Morton. After remarks expressing the highest appreciation of his personal worth and work, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"The members of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, while not yet recovered from the shock of surprise and grief at the announcement of the death of Rev. David Morton, D.D., Secretary of the Board of Church Extension of the said Church, feel an increasing sense of the loss sustained thereby. Therefore

"Resolved: 1. That, while we mourn our loss, we thank God for giving to the Church for so long a period the service of a man so specially suited to the functions to which he was called.

"2. That in Dr. Morton were happily combined the absolute fidelity to duty, the energy, and the sagacity that made him conspicuously successful in the great work committed to his hands. The work he has done will be his monument.

"3. That to his bereaved family we tender our heartfelt sympathy in this their great sorrow, deeply realizing our

own loss as his personal friends as well as official collaborators."

All the Church papers carried elaborate and tender notices of his life and death. In the references to him there was not a single dissonant note. If any words of criticism had ever been spoken of him while he was living, there was not one word except in praise when he was dead. Everybody saw now what most people had seen all the time, that his character was as sound as heart of oak and that his long years of service had been utterly free from any base taint of selfishness.

In the annual meeting of the Board of Church Extension his dear friend, Dr. John W. Lewis, read a noble paper containing many biographical touches and a most judicious estimate of his manifold abilities. I draw from it a few paragraphs:

To delineate the man himself is not difficult because of the many marked traits of character. Physically, Dr. Morton was a striking personality, easily noticeable in any gathering, and even a stranger casually meeting him on the street would look at him twice before passing him by. Nature had given him a large body, well rounded and closely compacted, evidently designed for hardship and endurance. His mobile face was often grave and impassive, seldom severe, and usually calm, benignant, and sunny. That he was good-natured was also evident. His fine flow of humor made him a delightful companion in the social circle and in travel and won him many friends. He was a fine story-teller and knew well how to select and

DAVID MORTON

time his anecdotes. . . . His sensibilities were delicate and refined to a high degree, so that he was a gentleman, but without affectation. He never forgot a kindness. One day in his boyhood, while at a country meetinghouse, where the services seemed to him interminable, he was approached by a farmer, who said to him, "Little boy, ain't you hungry?" and receiving the reply that he was, the old man took him to his wagon and gave him something to eat. He ate and was grateful. He called that man's name and spoke of the incident often even in his later years. He was quick to resent an act of injustice to himself or others, in such terms as it deserved, yet was always knightly toward his antagonist. He has been known to demolish an adversary with one stroke, descending swiftly and suddenly, as a thunderbolt of Jove, and do it smilingly. His sympathies were never aroused in vain. Soon after his death an old blind Irishman, whom Dr. Morton had long known and often befriended, was asked if he had heard of the Doctor's death. He replied: "O yes; and Oi'm a-missin' Docthor Morton. Oi'm a-missin' Docthor Morton." It was he who had given this poor man the shoes he then wore and, when the soles were gone, had them replaced with new ones.

Dr. Morton was noted for his strong will, which was well-nigh invincible. His general character in this regard was Napoleonic, but controlled by grace. He made no provision for failure. On one occasion he said to a friend, who had expressed some fear that a certain measure he had in hand, involving the interest of the Church, might fail: "I usually succeed in whatever I undertake." And later he said: "I will not fail." He did not. . . .

What a memory he had! Some one has said in homely phrase: "It was like a tar barrel that catches everything

and drops nothing." With it he gathered valuable stores of historical data, a rich fund of anecdote, incidents of travel, witticisms, and quaint sayings without number. This faculty insured accurate and permanent knowledge and qualified him for writing history. He was the author of several biographical sketches and not a few historical papers.

His faculty for details and generalization was noted and remarked by all who knew him. He did not lose sight of the microcosm in the macrocosm, the lesser in the greater. His motto was: "Take care for the littles."

He could see more things and more men and more points of interest in them in a day's travel than an ordinary man would observe in a much longer period. He often preached from the text, "Who hath despised the day of small things?" which was the subject of his last sermon, preached in Asbury Chapel, a little mission church in the city of Louisville. He could take cognizance of "a primrose by the river's brim" and find in it all there is in the solar and terrestrial spheres and back of them the infinite God, yet he scarcely cared for the scientific process of terms. To him the lesson of the littles was all of it. How many and what a variety of things he could hold in his mind through the worry of a Board meeting or a Conference session and never once trip! . . .

Of his Christian character, we have already given not a few hints. He was a living epistle, known and read of all men. Theoretically and experimentally, he was a Methodist to his heart's heart and true to his Church and ordination vows. When called to the West in 1876, he conferred not with flesh and blood, but left wife and children, some of them yet small, to be gone for a whole year, remarking before taking the train: "It is as near



David Morton



Mrs. David Morton

E'en Down to Old Age

to heaven from the Rocky Mountains as it is from Kentucky." Those who read his letters, "From the Far West," in the Church and other papers will recall the cheerful, hopeful spirit which they breathed and his deep devotion to the Master's cause in that far-away field. He would readily respond to the known will of God in any direction and at any hazard.

A few months later Dr. Gross Alexander, who was also a Conference colleague and a strong personal friend of Dr. Morton, published under the head of "A Personal Tribute" an article of uncommon value, to which reference has already been made in the foregoing pages and a considerable portion of which I subjoin here:

He could do more things, and do them well, than any man I have ever known. And when he undertook anything, great or small, it had to go, and it went. The word "failure" was not in his vocabulary. We have noted his success in some of the great enterprises of his life. In smaller but hardly less difficult undertakings he kept at work with a persistence that would not let go till he succeeded. He wanted the jubilee address of the semi-centennial session of the Louisville Conference published in book form for permanent preservation. There was not a dollar of money in sight, and nobody took any interest in it but himself. And yet the book was published and paid for beforehand.

He was a good writer and a strong speaker. He had an excellent command of English; and whether on the platform or on paper, he expressed himself with unambiguous clearness and virile vigor. Sometimes his sudden

DAVID MORTON

bursts of impassioned emotion in public speech were irresistible and carried everything before them, as when he spoke for the admission of a worthy but elderly Baptist minister into the Louisville Conference at the session of 1895.

David Morton was in the fullest sense a child of nature. He was, I believe, the most unaffected, the most unsophisticated—in short, the most natural—man of his ability and position that I have ever known. His impatience with fads and shams was not less strong and much more genuine than that of the resounding growler, Thomas Carlyle. He loved “nature in her visible forms,” and he loved naturalness in men and women.

He was one of the most genial of men. All classes of people loved him and enjoyed his company—great statesmen and churchmen, plain everyday folks, children, and negroes. When he was my presiding elder, he was on the occasion of quarterly meetings always my guest, and his visits to our humble parsonage home were eagerly looked forward to by everybody in the house and as keenly enjoyed by the children as by their parents.

The Nashville Preachers' Meeting adopted a brief report, probably written by Dr. J. C. Morris, every word of which shows that it was duly weighed and considered:

We bow our hearts in sincere sorrow at the death of our brother beloved, Rev. David Morton, D.D., recognizing his high worth as a man, as a General Conference officer, and as a Christian minister.

He was a gentleman, having the strength of a man combined with the purity and gentleness of a woman.

He was never sinister, but always straightforward. He was never selfish, but always broadly generous. He was never uncertain, but always transparent. He was a brother born for adversity, a friend who was always self-sacrificing and helpful to others. With these elements of character he drew about him a wide circle of the best friends.

As the Secretary of the Board of Church Extension he was wise and laborious, rising to the point of greatness in his mastery of details. He was the embodiment of this arm of the Church's service. His devotion to the work was complete abandon. It was his meat and drink. He loved the work and gave to it all the resources he had, and its success is the result of that devotion. He made it what it is.

As a Christian minister he was a worthy successor in the long line of noble spirits who have preached the gospel with power and illustrated it in their daily lives. He was as plain and simple in his faith as a little child, and when he preached all understood and felt the truth. He adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour.

We do not know the extent of the loss we have sustained. Every year as it comes and goes will emphasize his worth and our loss, but no man can put metes and bounds about it yet. He has gone from us a few days only, but his monument is built, more indestructible than brass. When Sir Christopher Wren died, his body was laid to rest under the choir of St. Paul's, in London, and on the tablet over the inner north doorway is his epitaph: *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*. In the years to come, as the children of Methodism hear the name of this honored servant of the Church, we will point to this widening work of Church Extension and repeat: "If you

DAVID MORTON

seek his monument, look about you." That record is his memorial.

In many widely different cities memorial meetings were held in Dr. Morton's honor, and from every point of the compass letters of condolence poured in on his family.

At the General Conference in May following due respect was shown for his great and good name in many ways. The Committee on Church Extension in that body, of which Dr. James D. Barbee was Chairman, included in its report, among other things:

In the death of the Rev. David Morton, D.D., Corresponding Secretary of the Board, which occurred on March 9, 1898, the Board and the Church suffered a well-nigh irreparable loss. To quote the language used by the Board in its report to your body, "What Church Extension is among us, he made it. By tireless industry, indomitable energy, passionate devotion to one work, out of formless void he created, then organized and directed, our Church Extension Department with such phenomenal success as to cause his name to be enshrined among those of our greatest leaders. The history of the Church cannot be written without giving a large place to him, and the history of the first sixteen years of our Church Extension work is simply his history."

In different parts of the Church and in many ways steps were taken at the time of Dr. Morton's death to show honor to his memory. In addition to the numerous meetings which were held and the eulogistic reso-

lutions which were passed, as shown in the foregoing pages, more permanent measures were adopted in various quarters, all looking in the same direction. At Monteagle, Tennessee, for example, the seat of the great summer assembly, the trustees of the beautiful house of worship, which was then in process of erection, and in the building of which Dr. Morton was deeply interested, unanimously resolved to call it Morton Memorial Church. It is built of the finest pink sandstone after plans of a thoroughly competent architect, and from the lowest foundation to the top of the tower is without a single cheap or shoddy feature. Nobody that has examined it has failed to be impressed by its chaste simplicity and solidity. Between the character of the structure and the character of the man whom it commemorates there is a close correspondence. Standing, as it does, on the Cumberland Plateau, in a fine grove of native forest trees and at a gathering place for scores of thousands of good and intelligent people from all over the South, it will help to keep fresh and green the memory of the great Secretary for many generations. The illustration which is herewith presented faithfully reproduces its main outlines, but scarcely conveys a full conception of its attractiveness. All the windows are of the best quality of art glass; and the whole interior, without ornamentation of any sort, is uniquely beautiful.

When the Annual Conferences began to come on in the Fall, not one of them failed to take action suitably expressing its high estimate of the value of Dr. Morton's services and its deep sense of loss in his death. No man ever died in the Methodist Church and left a pleasanter memory behind him. Nor was it from his own Church alone that there came a stream of affectionate tributes.

It was a fair recognition of the breadth and catholicity of his nature that ministers and laymen of all the Churches should speak out their great respect for him. A specimen of these generous words from beyond the limits of his own fold is taken from the *Courier-Journal* of March 14, 1898:

Dr. Carter Helm Jones yesterday, at Broadway Baptist Church, paid an appreciative tribute to the great and good man, Dr. David Morton, deceased. He said: "Since we last met there a Prince of God has passed away from our city, making the world poorer and heaven richer. For such a man to die is to leave a rich heritage of Christian character. I was absent from the city when his end came, and I take this occasion to lay an humble flower on his grave."

The secular journals also were equally unreserved in their expressions of regret. The passing of so manly a man seemed to call out all the latent magnanimity of his community and State. In an editorial the *Courier-*

DAVID MORTON

Journal spoke of Dr. Morton in the most eulogistic manner, closing with the words:

The Rev. Dr. David Morton, whose life work has just been closed in this city, was, as he always proudly declared, a typical Methodist preacher. He had all the zeal, courage, and self-sacrifice with which the great Wesley inspired his ministry. He was also a broad-minded and manly man. Such clergymen as he inspire confidence in even the most worldly and show how far removed from a milk-sop is a true follower of the Cross. In the best sense of the word, he was a Christian soldier who left the world in every way better for having lived in it.

The bishops of his Church joined in the general chorus of praise. Bishop Keener, the venerable senior of the college, spoke as follows:

He has left a blessed record as one of God's workmen. "Yea," saith the Spirit, "he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him." What a vast company will rise up to pronounce blessings on his memory! I feel as if I had lost a brother, we were so intimate.

Bishop Key was equally unequivocal in his commendation:

He was among the best friends of my life. Years ago—nearly twenty—we met first. We were then comparatively young and full of desire to work for the Master. Since then we have drawn closer together year by year. Year before last it was my good fortune to have him for my traveling companion down through Mexico. We were together day and night for a month. I shall always re-

DAVID MORTON

joyce that I had that privilege. We came to know each other more fully and to love one another better.

Bishop Granbery, the incarnation of simplicity, spoke without reserve:

I loved Dr. Morton as a personal friend and honored him as a devoted and valuable servant of the Church. It is not too much to say that he satisfied the Church in the zeal and ability with which he discharged his difficult and most important office. God has taken from us a leader of noble character and gift, after a long service of marked fidelity and usefulness. I enjoyed his society, loved to talk freely with him, and looked forward with eagerness year after year to the privilege of meeting him in his own home and elsewhere.

Bishop Galloway, the eloquent, uncovered his heart thus:

But none the less do I miss my genial and noble friend. The splendid picture that appropriately hangs on the walls of the office brought vividly to mind our days of travel and labor together. Happy days they were and rich in memories of a soul as great as he was good. I had to turn away, lest the mist in my eyes should obscure the fine lines of an almost perfect portrait. But I have one more delicately colored and highly prized than that—one that is framed and hung in the gallery of the heart, which time can never fade and the cares of this world can never corrode.

Bishop Duncan was very gentle and tender:

I loved him very much, as you well know; loved him as men rarely love each other. My comfort is very great



Morton Memorial Church, Monteagle, Tennessee.

This church is one among a number of others throughout the South and West named in memory of Doctor Morton, and faces the entrance to the Monteagle Assembly grounds. Though a Methodist church, the list of donors to the building fund includes members of many denominations from all parts of the South. It is a picturesque church artistically built and situated and is one of the beautiful sights of Monteagle. By reason of its location it welcomes within its walls worshippers from far and near of all religious beliefs. (Without the knowledge of the author, it is proper to state here that this church was built almost entirely through the efforts of Mrs. E. E. Hoss.)

as I think of his great fidelity to his Lord and the wonderful work he has accomplished in the Church.

Bishop Fitzgerald, as he always did, used most befitting words:

I feel the loss of one of the truest, dearest friends of my life. Not lost, thank God, but gone before. We will go to him, grace assisting us. The whole Church mourns the death of its devoted servant.

It cannot be amiss, in closing my labors, to add here a few pages written by Daniel Morton, M.D., of St. Joseph, Missouri, at the time of his father's death. His filial piety in gathering and preserving the material that has made my own work a possibility cannot be too highly praised. Out of his heart he has written as only a true and noble son could write of a true and noble father:

He was five feet eight inches tall and weighed about two hundred and twenty-five pounds. He impressed one as being a large man. His hands and feet were small. His hair was white and brushed back from the forehead. His eyes were a light blue with a kindly expression and a twinkle indicative of unfailing humor. His nose was prominent and slightly aquiline. His mouth was not large, but firmly set and reinforced with a well-proportioned jaw. His ears were very large, but closely hugged the head, while his neck was very short. He was clean shaven, and as he talked the expression of his face changed with every thought. He usually dressed in a black Prince Albert coat, standing collar, bow tie, and

soft hat. His carriage was erect. He was always alert, quick-motioned, and active. His appearance was not distinctly clerical. The sleeping car porters usually called him "Judge." His mind was both analytic and synthetic. He was not given to flights of imagination. His sermons were practical, adapted to everyday life, and delivered with such earnestness and directness as to impress indelibly the ideas he intended to convey. They were never long, rarely exceeding forty-five minutes of time in delivery. As a platform speaker and debater he excelled and was perfectly at home when making a Church Extension speech. His arguments hung together logically. When thoroughly aroused on any subject, his whole body seemed transformed. His eyes flashed, his breath came in gasps, and his voice sounded like a trumpet. He inspired every one with a belief in his perfect sincerity of opinion. His opponents could seldom overcome the impression he made upon his hearers. When once convinced that he was right, it mattered not to him if all the world held otherwise, he would maintain his position without wavering. He had wonderful powers of concentration of mind and was often considered absent-minded on this account. His ability in affairs of detail was unusual and made him accurate in everything. In finances he could always account for every cent that passed through his hands. He was a keen observer of men and was accustomed to say that from this pursuit he derived the keenest mental pleasure. He was absolutely loyal to his friends. He would do anything for them or their children. He never forgot a favor. He was not easily discouraged, but was a tireless worker. He undertook great labors and never relaxed his efforts until success was achieved. He could not be turned back when once he put his hand to the

plow. He was a tower of strength to weaker natures. He was deeply religious and was guided in all his ways by unalterable principles, yet he was devoid of bigotry. His Christian experience is the keynote to all his life work. He was charitable to a fault and never refused an appeal from any one. He used to say that he would rather help nine undeserving applicants than run the risk of turning away one who really was needy. He gave away during his lifetime large amounts of money. Of these charities he never spoke. He always had a lot of dependents who looked to him for help to keep the wolf from the door. In his will he said: "To religious objects I have bequeathed nothing, because I have heretofore given these more than is herein devised to any one, if not to all, of my children." Socially, he was the peer of any man. He could mix with any strata of society—the rich, the well-to-do, the poor, the educated, the uneducated. He had an unfailing sense of humor and an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes. He could entertain by the hour with the recital of his experiences while traveling in America and abroad. He loved immensely a good joke and was a happy story-teller. He was the life of any company in which he was thrown. While traveling on the train he was often surrounded by a crowd drawn by his ability in this direction. In repose his face was at times solemn. His knowledge of names and family connections was marvelous. He never forgot anything of this kind and doubtless at the time of his death was the best-informed man in Kentucky on the family relationships of that State. He could always find some one on the train whom he knew. He was a great man with great endowments—physical, social, religious, and mental. He would have been preëminent in any other calling had he entered upon

it. His make-up was such as to insure success anywhere. The results of his life are shown in the works which he did, in the sunshine which he scattered along his pathway, in the love which he gave to those near and dear to him, and in the precious memories of a noble life which remain to all his friends like the sweet-scented breath of a gentle breeze wafted o'er fields of beautiful flowers.

It is not my purpose in writing this biography to tell all that might be told concerning Dr. Morton. On the contrary, I have sought to furnish my readers with only such information as would enable them to frame a correct general estimate of his abilities and his achievements. If I have not already accomplished that end, it would be vain for me to make any further effort to do so.

With these sentences I lay down my pen, glad that it has been my distinguished privilege to assist in preserving to the Church of the future some recollection of my honored friend and brother, and only sorry that, owing to circumstances beyond my control, I have not done my work with greater adequacy. In that fair land which is filling up so rapidly in later years with my emigrant loved ones from this world I shall hope to find again the face of honest, sturdy, great-hearted, and devout David Morton.

The Ancestry of David Morton

Fac-simile of the Morton Family Tree. A large amount of information concerning the Morton and allied families can be found in the Virginia Magazine of History and Biography and in the William and Mary Quarterly Magazine.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
BERKELEY

Return to desk from which borrowed.

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

14 Oct '48

19 Oct '48

7 Mar '50

21 Dec '57

RECD LD

APR 12 1963

14 1981 6
OCT 1 1981

OCT 14 1981

F456

329931

M456

Howe

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY 3 4

